

FARMS AND FARMERS

Feeding as a Farm Product.
The food of man is the product of the farm. It is the product of the farm that feeds the world. It is the product of the farm that feeds the army. It is the product of the farm that feeds the navy. It is the product of the farm that feeds the world.

Let us make a comparison. A cow is worth as much as thirty hens any where. It needs an average of five acres of land to support a cow, and two under the most intensive system of feeding and the silo. It requires the time of one person to attend to ten cows as it should be done. Thirty hens may be kept on one-fourth of an acre of land with ease, and one cow-fourth as much food as a cow must have, and one person can attend to 300 hens, with ease. Suppose we then take this comparison. Thirty hens equal one cow as to cost, then how is the income in comparison? The figures given by a noted creamery as to a herd of fourteen cows kept by the leading patron show that the average income over and above cost of feeding of these cows, was \$18.67. In truth the actual average of all the cows existing is estimated at about half as much as this, and thus not more than the average net income from four average hens making \$2.50 each. This fact should go far to raise this useful farm animal in the estimation of those persons who are seeking profit-making from rural pursuits. And if there were no other items to go to the credit of the industrious and tireless hen, this one should be sufficient to give her prominence as one of the means of making rural life and industry profitable, and indeed alluring.

The business of rearing poultry is simple and already well understood, entailing no excessive labor, but simply calling for attention at intervals through the day. The work required, of course, is precise and needs attention, but it is no senseless laborious and is not without attractive conditions. The result of certain investigations is shown in the accompanying illustration, which represents a hen, a bushel of corn she consumes in the year, or the equivalent of the mixed rations required and the peck basket of eggs numbering 100, or the average yield per hen of a fairly good flock, but

not counting the brood she will rear in addition, and which is estimated at four times, leaving for profit, if there be no other, ten times her original value. But the eggs will pay twice over for the cost of keeping, including all expenses incurred, and the proportionate time employed by the attendant, estimated at two dollars a day.—*Monter Herald.*

Under the Barn Floor.
When we were young it was found that the planks in the stable floor were so damaged that it was undesirable to take them up and replace them. They had probably not been taken up for forty years, and the amount of fertilizer material that was dug out there and thrown into the barnyard was a revelation to us. We think we dug at least four feet deep, and doubt if we got the whole of the valuable material, and perhaps much less than half of it. Certainly it was well saturated or had been with the liquids from the stables, and it was richer than the ordinary barnyard manure, as we found when we put it on the land, or when the crops grew upon which we put it. The hole we made was filled up with dry sand, and if it has not been cleaned out since we would warrant that there are several tons of good fertilizer there now. This taught us to appreciate the value of a barn cellar in which the manure, both liquid and solid, could be saved, and although we now would not have a barn with a stable with a cellar, it is at least worth never plan to have manure cellar under the cows, we find that a large share of the fertilizing value of the manure is lost when there is not some arrangement for saving the liquid as well as the solid. And for this we would have a cement floor, with a movable plank that goes over it. We would not have the fences of the manure coming up through the floor into the room where we had to do the milking.—*American Cultivator.*

Care of Farm Work Horses.
Is there any more labor in the field than for man or beast? If so, you should come in from the field at it in the evening. We find that we do as much work in ten hours as the four-horse team, and our horses don't come in at all fatigued or tired. From spring until fall when we come in from the field at night we unlash the horses and then turn them out. They roll and drink; then away they scamper to grass. Our pasture isn't a barren field, but it is well and green with a good growth of six or seven different grasses. Their feed is placed in their mangers, and just before dark the doors are opened and the horses called. They come readily, for they know that a good feed is awaiting them. As grass is digested in about half the time dry feed is it would seem as though it

should be the first feed instead of the last. Our horse barn is 25 by 40, with east and west doors and a window in front of each team; no bad light or ventilation here. There is plenty of good straw given for bedding, and the horses look well, are never sick and do as much work as the average horse.—*Homestead.*

Feed for Kicking Horses.
A correspondent of the Michigan Farmer submits a diagram of a stall that he used for ten years. "Fasten the chains about 3 1/2 feet above floor and 8 feet back from manger," says he.

Grass for Pigs.
Notwithstanding the anatomy of the pig would seem to dispute the proposition, grass is necessary to its best development, says Texas Farm and Ranch. The small stomach would seem to indicate a grain ration or concentrated food of some sort, and so it does. Hogs are wanted to consume a large amount of feed, converting it into pork. Therefore the first thing required is to enlarge his capacity to eat, or in other words, to enlarge his stomach. Grass, being bulky in proportion to its nutritious qualities, is the very thing and involves the only known method of enlarging the stomach. At the same time it furnishes the protein needed to develop flesh, muscle and bone. Then when we have a large frame built up with enlarged digestive capacity it is an easy matter to put on the fat with corn or other carbohydrate feeds.

Orchard Blight.
We notice in the Western papers there is much complaint of blight among the fruit trees. For several years they have noticed it among the pear and quince trees, but not until this year has it done much damage to apple trees. The sultry weather has been just what was needed for rapid growth of the spores, and when frequent thunder showers prevail it seems to spread more rapidly. Every diseased branch contains millions of these germs, and insects transmit them from one tree to another. They are most apt to affect young and tender branches of rapidly growing trees. We know of no efficient remedy, excepting to cut off and burn every affected limb, and cut at some distance below the apparent disease, as it spreads downward by means of the sap. No spray has yet been discovered which checks its progress.—*American Cultivator.*

The Cow Puncher.
A former cowboy says: "When I used to be a cow puncher, the one thing I dreaded was a thunderstorm. For lightning usually seeks out and strikes the highest thing in the place where it hits, and out on the plains the man on horseback is the tallest thing out. When a storm comes up you have constantly to ride hard, for the cattle get restless and need close watching to prevent them from stampeding, and I can tell you it tries a man's nerve when you can see the lightning striking all about you and know that it is an all too close chance that it will ultimately seek you out and slay you."

The Pea Lotter.
We advise those who have grown peas and lost their crop this year by reason of the pest-house on the vines not to become discouraged and cease planting them. Unless they differ very much from other plant life, a year that sees them most abundant may be followed by many years before they are trouble some again. To re-planting peas will not exterminate them, as they live also upon clover and other plants. If they make the pea crop less profitable a few years, enough may stop planting peas to make them a good crop for those who have them with no lice on them.—*American Cultivator.*

Teaching Chickens to Eat.
Some people have a good deal of trouble with brooder chickens in teaching them to eat. When they have a hen with them the work is easy, but without a hen the task appears to be difficult. But really there will be no trouble if the owner has a few chicks that have been taught by the old hens to have learned themselves. Simply put some of these young chickens with the others and the lesson will soon be taught.—*Myron Jones, in Farmers' Review.*

Handling Apples.
The time seems to be at hand when cold storage must come in general use for all late varieties, as the fruit comes out so much brighter. Apples keep better when handled with care than when they are picked. And here in New Jersey we are in the habit of gathering too late for best results. Dr. Hoskins' rule that when the seeds color is the proper time to store may in the near future be adopted by all apple growers, says a New Jersey orchardist.

But in Strawberry Plant.
For this trouble spray thoroughly with Bordeaux mixture, beginning soon after the plants are set, and spray every month throughout the season. Old beds should be plowed under or mowed off after bearing and then sprayed once or twice. Some varieties are more susceptible to rust than others. Borax is not used for spraying. New England Homestead.

TALK FROM CANNON.

CAUSTIC COMMENT ON THE BRYAN CAMPAIGN.

After attacking the Adoption of the Spanish Treaty, Candidate Bryan Criticizes the Policy of Retaining the Philippine Islands.

"Uncle Joe Cannon of Denzil, chairman of the House committee on appropriations, has made a hot impromptu speech in Chicago on the issues of the campaign. He didn't start out to make a speech, but was drawn into it before he knew it. Congressman Cannon was at Republican congressional headquarters to see Chairman Babcock, when a news paper man came in and asked him for an interview on the political situation.

Mr. Cannon seldom talks politics for publication. He is willing enough to be interviewed on congressional matters, but as a rule is loath to discuss campaign affairs. A few gruff remarks about a "party victory" usually is the extent of his replies. At first he wanted off the interview in his customary manner, while Congressman Babcock of Wisconsin, full of Iowa and Sherman of New York stood by and smiled. Then somebody remarked that the Democrats charged the Republicans with being afraid to discuss anti-imperialism, and "Uncle Joe" shook his head of reticence and gave his small but select audience an old school political speech. The Congressman then ended with interest.

"I have made two speeches and I intend to make more," said Congressman Cannon, "and from this on I intend to discuss this so-called imperialism business. Why, it was Bryan who made the ratification of the treaty possible. That treaty became the law of the land as soon as Bryan got the Democratic Senators to vote for it, and now he is abusing the Republican administration for carrying out its provisions. Bryan's friends claim he is patriotic and sincere. I deny that the facts—the plain, cold facts—show him to be sincere and patriotic. On the contrary, they prove him to be a demagogue, insincere and guilty of rank treason."

The Republican Congressman looked the applause they dared not express audibly as Mr. Cannon warmed to his subject. "So Bryan calls the doctrine of imperialism the doctrine of bullies and cowards, does he? Well, as every sensible thinking man knows, imperialism is a myth—a straw man which Bryan knocks down with great display. But the so-called imperialism cry was made possible only by Bryan's action in supporting the adoption of the treaty. The Senate

because coffee was forty-five and fifty cents a pound. Now, the insatiable coffee trust makes Skinner pay thirteen cents a pound for good roasted Lion. We used home-made, sorghum instead of sugar. Skinner bought just six pounds of dirty-looking brown sugar that winter and he paid a dollar for the six pounds. Now, in these awful times, when the sugar trust is grinding the farmers under its iron heel, Skinner gets sixteen pounds of nice granulated sugar for a dollar.

Mrs. Skinner had one calico dress which she saved for Sundays. On week days she wore a linen dress woven by her own hands. Calico was twenty-two cents a yard and people spoke of its being cheap at that. Now, you can get good calico at five to six cents. The Skimmers rode to town in a big farm-wagon in those days. I remember hearing Skinner ask the price of a buggy and when he was told that it was a hundred and forty dollars, he sighed and said that he could not afford to buy. Two years ago he bought two new buggies, one for himself and Mrs. Skinner and one for the girls, Melinda and Maria. He got the two for a hundred and ten dollars, fifty-five dollars apiece.

When I got through teaching that school I bought me a new suit of clothes. It was a ready-made suit of rather ordinary goods and cost twenty-eight dollars. This winter I bought a better suit from Dwyer & Buckley for twelve dollars and fifty cents.

In those days Skinner sold a pound of wool for forty-five cents. With the money he could buy less than three pounds of sugar, or a little more than a gallon of oil, or one pound of coffee, or two yards of calico. This year he sold his wool for twenty-seven cents a pound. With the money he can buy four and a half pounds of sugar, or two and a fourth gallons of oil, or two and a fourth pounds of coffee, or five yards of calico.

Now it seems to me as plain as daylight that the best measure of remuneration for labor or farming products is the amount of food or clothing that you can get for them. I am best paid for the labor of a day when I can buy the most with the wages for the day.

Judged by this standard, never were the workmen, and especially the farmers, of America so prosperous as during McKinley's administration. There has been plenty of work for everybody who wants to work. Our folks have just been getting their church painted. They put me on the committee to attend to the matter, and the hardest thing I had to do was to find a painter. Every painter to whom I went had work engaged ahead for the season. At last I found a boy who knew a little about painting and gave him the job, and he did very well. Not only has there been plenty of work, but wages have been good and would buy far more of the necessities and comforts of life than the wages of the laborer in the days of depreciated currency after the civil war.

Meanwhile, everybody knows that this prosperity has come about after the Dingley tariff, under a gold standard, and under a Republican administration. They also know that the Democratic platform decried by Mr. Bryan denounces the Dingley tariff and the gold standard.

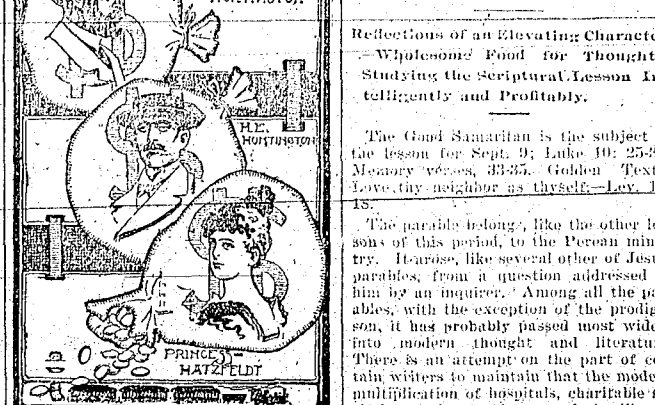
My boy, it is simply astounding to me that any workman, or farmer, or business man should think seriously of voting the Democratic ticket this year. Leaving out the requirements of patriotism, self-interest ought to make every man a Republican this year. A supposition that the nation will vote to tear down our protective system and precipitate a financial revolution is a insult to the intelligence of the American people. YOUR FATHER.

Let Us Forget.
There is talk about "McKinley Proberity." Is it true? Are the farmers of Kansas so busy they are likely to forget what has happened, who predicted it, and who said it could not come to pass if McKinley were elected President?

The following prices on farm products are taken from the market reports published in the daily papers of the date named:

	July 2, July 27, 1891.	1900.
Wheat—		
Chicago.....	80 5/8	\$0.77
Kansas City.....	47	68 1/2
Corn—		
Chicago.....	26 1/2	41
Kansas City.....	21 1/2	39 1/2
Oats—		
Chicago.....	15 1/2	22 1/2
Kansas City.....	15	22 1/2
Pork—		
Chicago.....	6 35	12 55
Lard—		
Chicago.....	5 30	6 50
Hogs—		
Chicago.....	3 45	5 20
Kansas City.....	3 25	5 07 1/2
Steers—		
Chicago.....	4 50	5 80
Kansas City.....	4 25	5 40
Cows—		
Chicago.....	1 70	4 75
Kansas City.....	1 60	4 85

GET HUNTINGTON'S MILLIONS.



Archibald H. Huntington is the favorite nephew of Collis P. Huntington, the dead railway magnate, and will continue the latter's many projects. He is now vice president of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Archibald Huntington and Princess Hatzfeldt are Huntington's adopted children. The husband of the Princess was at one time attached to the German embassy at Washington. Archibald Huntington is one of the wealthiest authors in the world. C. P. Huntington leaves an estate valued at \$57,000,000.

MAY BE HEARD TEN MILES AWAY.

Roaring Phonograph Given a Successful Trial in Ireland. According to reports printed in English exchanges a phonograph is now available by the use of which messages can be delivered in such tremendously loud tones as will make them easily understood at a distance of ten miles. The machine has been tested at Brighton, the home of its inventor, Horace L. Short, and its possibilities are practically endless. It will render loud selections in the open air that can be listened to by thousands of people, or it will shout news messages that could be heard high above the roar of the traffic and the thousand noises of a big city. You can whisper a sentence into the machine's small funnel-shaped mouthpiece and it will repeat it in tones that are more deafening than the shrieks of a liner's steam siren. Yet every word is perfectly articulated, and a shorthand writer ten miles away can take down the message as easily as if you were dictating to him in a small room.

In appearance the machine is merely an ordinary phonograph, with a large trumpet measuring four feet in length. Inside this trumpet there is a small and delicate piece of mechanism that looks something like a whistle. This is the tongue of the machine. Instead of the records being taken away in the usual manner a sapphire needle is made to vibrate the dots representing the sound vibrations on a silver cylinder, and when the needle travels over the metal a second time the vibrations cause the whistle to produce a series of air waves, and the machine thus becomes a talking siren which transforms the human voice into a deafening roar.

The experiments were made near the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, where the inventor had his workshops. The instrument was placed on the roof of the laboratory and was made to repeat a number of sentences. At a distance of ten miles the sounds were plainly heard by a large number of people, every word being perfectly distinct, and at a second trial with a favorable wind it was found that an unknown message could be taken down in shorthand at a distance of twelve miles. Over the water the sounds will carry still further, and under favorable circumstances they might easily be heard by persons on a vessel fifteen miles out at sea.

DREAD POST AND PILLORY.

Why Delaware Clings to This Relic of Barbarism.
Alone among the States Delaware still clings to the whipping post and pillory, and instead of being ashamed of what is generally considered a relic of barbarism is proud of it. Pictures of the pillory and whipping post while

both are occupied are even offered for sale as souvenirs to all who visit the Delaware State prison at New Castle. Among the classes of criminals who are punished by whipping are wife-beaters, and Delaware people say that no other punishment so well fits the case. There is also a class of petty criminals by whom a chance to board a locomotive is a privilege, but to whom a few lashes at the whipping post is looked upon as a punishment, not so much because of the ignominy of the punishment as because of the physical pain which it inflicts. Cruelty is prevented by a provision which forbids the administration of more than sixty lashes or the confinement of a prisoner for more than one hour in the pillory.

What good times other people seem to have!

Gift to Chinese Empress.
The Dowager Empress of China was the recipient on the occasion of her sixtieth birthday of an interesting presentation from the ministers of England and America. This consisted of a copy of the New Testament bound in silver covers and enclosed in a chased silver casket, subscribed for by the Christian women of China. On one cover was a gold plate bearing the words, "Holy Gospel of Salvation." The subscribers numbered about 10,000.

Tunnels of the World.
The tunnels of the world are estimated to number about 1,142, with a total length of 544 miles. There are about 1,000 railroad tunnels, 12 subaqueous tunnels, 90 canal tunnels, 40 conduit tunnels, with aggregate lengths of about 350 miles.

Rapid Travel by Electricity.
A prize has been offered by a German society for the best design for an electric railway upon which trains can travel at the rate of 125 miles an hour.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections of an Elevating Character.—Wholesome Food for Thought.—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

The Good Samaritan is the subject of the lesson for Sept. 9; Luke 10: 25-37. Memory verses, 33-35. Golden Text.—Love thy neighbor as thyself.—*Lev. 19: 18.*

The parable belongs, like the other lessons of this period, to the Person Jesus. However, like several other of Jesus' parables, from a question addressed to him by an inquirer. Among all the parables, with the exception of the prodigal son, it has probably passed most widely into modern thought and literature. There is an attempt on the part of certain writers to maintain that the modern multiplication of hospitals, charitable societies, orphan asylums, and the like, is the outgrowth not of Christianity, but of intellectual and social progress. While no exact demonstration of the contrary can be made, all impartial judges must admit the large indirect and direct influence of Christian teaching in promoting the welfare of the dependent classes. The spirit shown by the good Samaritan is a spirit that has never manifested itself largely or frequently except in communities and periods dominated by Christianity.

Explanatory.
"A certain lawyer stood up and tempted him," that is, tried to entangle him in conflicting and incriminating statements—a practice which lawyers in all times are supposed to encourage, sometimes in the cause of justice, sometimes in quite the opposite. This "lawyer" was not an advocate who appeared as counsel for individuals before courts of justice, but more like a professor in a law school, and since civil and ecclesiastical law were inseparable in Judaism, he might be equally well compared to a theological professor in the State of Israel. I do not inherit eternal life," sounds honest enough, but the word "tempted" shows the spirit in which it was asked. The lawyer's own view was probably the usual one, that good deeds of Abraham, who faithfully observed the laws of Israel, would inherit eternal life. He probably expected to induce Jesus in some statement derogatory to some part of the law—the oral tradition, for instance—and some distinction between this and the written law. The authority of the oral tradition was a strong point with Jewish "orthodoxy" at this time.

Jesus turns the question back upon the questioner, who was a habit of offering followed in silencing quibblers—like Socrates and other great teachers. He refers the lawyer to the law—a master statute. The passages quoted, found in Deut. 6: 5 and Lev. 19: 18, were presumably as familiar to all Jews as the famous "Hear, O Israel: The Lord Our God is one God," etc., which was taught to all children and recited on many occasions.

Jesus assumes that the lawyer is sincere, though knowing that he is not—that he answers him as if the inquiry had been an honest one. It is often best to do so in dealing with evil-doers. Sometimes they are ashamed into abandoning their objections. But not so with the lawyer.

"Willing to justify himself" should be rather willing to justify himself. He was not only willing but anxious to score a point against this quiet rabbi who had failed to be caught by his bait.

The question "Who is my neighbor?" could not be answered in a word, for it raised so many side issues. It suggested, in fact, all the problems of the science of ethics. Jesus never taught formal philosophy or science, and when he took up such problems he always did so in concrete form. Therefore the parable, which is remarkably comprehensive.

The priest and the Levite together represented the official servants of the temple, religious organization; the priest being one of those who ministered in the temple in the offering of sacrifices and the conduct of the ritual; while the Levite was one of the class of temple assistants or subordinates.

The Samaritan was as much hated by the Jews as a Chinaman in Nevada or a Jew in Germany. It required not a little boldness for Jesus to make a Samaritan the hero of his story.

The completeness of the Samaritan's provision for the traveler arouses admiration. He not only did what he could but he did it with a noble spirit. The Samaritan is the true missionary spirit—all you can with your own hands and give money for somebody else to do more.

Next Lesson—"The Rich Fool."—Luke 12: 13-21.
Things Eaten from the Fingers.
The list of things that can be eaten from the fingers is on the increase. It includes: all bread, toast, tarts and small cakes, celery and asparagus, which served whole, it should be, either hot or cold; lettuce, which must be crumbled in the fingers and dipped in salt or sauce; olives, to which a knife should never be put any more; strawberries, when served with the cream, on, as they should be, are touched to pulverized sugar, these in all forms except Raisin or Raspberry.

Concomitant, and fruit of all kinds, except preserves and molasses. But in the use of the fingers greater indulgence is being shown, and you cannot, if you are well-bred, make any very bad mistake in this direction, especially when the finger-bowl stands by you and the napkin is handy.

State Items of Interest.
These have been getting in their work to a considerable extent around Reading lately.

The Soo Democrat says it is among the probabilities that the railroads entering there may erect a big summer resort hotel in the city next season.

The Supervisors and ex-Supervisors of Clinton County have formed an association for mutual pleasure and benefit. Whether sideswiped by "Big" at Sandusky, Marie may move the city, having decided that it is cheaper to build good walks than to defend damage suits. Experiments are being made in the extracting of copper from sandstone, in which shape it is found in the western portion of Ontario County, and if successful it will mean much to that county. There is an unusual supply of copper in the locality, but the fact that it was in the form of the grains scattered through soft sandstone has prevented its being profitably mined.

The Avalanche.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1900.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Advertised Letters—John Rouse, Joseph Mibart.

Muresco is the best Wall Finish in the market. Sold by Colter & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Taylor are home from a delightful visit in Detroit.

Detroit White Lead Works Paints, Oils and Varnishes at A. Kraus'.

Miss Edith Ward, of Roscommon, was visiting friends here last week.

Crescent Bicycles.
Selling, Hanson & Co.

For a Rambler, Ideal or Hudson Bicycle go to A. Kraus.

For SALE, CHEAP—A good second hand coal stove. W. F. Benkelman.

L. Fournier made a business trip to Saginaw last Friday.

For Doors, Sash, Glass and Putty go to A. Kraus.

Burt Mann and daughter, of Lewiston were visitor in town one day last week.

Rev. Mr. Jones of Roscommon occupied the pulpit of the M. E. church last Sunday morning and evening.

Crescent Bicycles.
Selling, Hanson & Co.

Miss Florence Taylor has completed the school census for this District, and finds 421 pupils of school age.

If you want the best Sewing Machine buy the Singer. Sold on easy payments, by A. Kraus.

Oliver, Ward, Greenville, and Bement Plows, Harrows and Cultivators for sale by A. Kraus.

Crescent Bicycles.
Selling, Hanson & Co.

Geo. L. Alexander was in Cheboygan the first of the week on legal business.

Victor Sorenson's boy, and a burstling gun were in contact Monday, and the boy's wrist was terribly lacerated.

The Mackinac excursion train, Tuesday, consisted of eleven coaches all of which were crowded.

Mrs. M. A. Bates and the children visited Mrs. J. Hoyt at Gayland last week, accompanied by J. K. Bates of Maple Forest.

The night run of the Band mill is indefinitely called off and the large mill is shut down for a week or two for needed repairs.

For School Books, Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, in fact for everything in the line of school supplies, call at Fournier's Drug Store.

Penicular Stoves and Ranges
guaranteed the best. Sold by A. KRAUS.

A woodman named Francis was caught by a rolling log in Mason's camp Monday, and suffered a severe injury to one of his ankles.

Albert Kraus has just received a full line of fishing tackle which he sells at reasonable prices. The only tackle that catches the fish.

Forest Wilcox and family came up from Lansing with the big excursion Tuesday, for a visit with the Father and Mother.

Prof. Graham reports the opening attendance at school as very full, except in the high school room, which is light.

In the reorganization of the school Board, Monday evening, Mr. M. A. Bates was elected Moderator, J. Patterson, Director and H. A. Bauman, Assessor.

Orders for parts of all kinds, and or all kinds of Sewing Machines will have special attention at J. W. Sorenson's. He also keeps a good assortment of Machine Needles.

The old soldiers were promptly on hand Tuesday morning to have their pension vouchers executed. They want some money to pay expenses to the reunion at Standish next week.

J. W. Sorenson is agent for the sale of the best Sewing Machines in the market. Machines guaranteed. Call and examine machines, and get prices.

The school bell, Tuesday morning was a welcome sound to a host of the little ones in the village, and the teachers were all on hand, rested during their vacation.

Cash for Tobacco Tags! For a limited time we will pay 1-2 cent each for tin tags from Standard Navy and Spear Head plug tobacco. aug30-3w J. W. SORENSON.

G. M. Carney of Buffalo, N. Y., was in town the first of the week, visiting his cousin, T. A., and looking after lumber. He goes from here to Canada.

Paints!

If you want to paint your house this summer, use the **Sherwin-Williams Paint**. Why not use the best paint? It only cost you a few cents more than poor paint, and it will give you satisfaction. Nothing is better than **Sherwin-Williams Paint**. Sold by S. H. & Co.

The campaign opens in Bay City to-morrow, with the presence of Col. Roosevelt as the chief attraction. A great crowd is expected.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church will hold their annual meeting in the parlors of the church, on Friday of this week, at 3.30 p. m.

Ulcers, open or obstinate sores, scalds and piles, quickly cured by **Banner Salve**, the most healing Medicine in the world. L. Fournier.

Miss Cora Ballard met with quite a severe accident Saturday from a fall, which injured her back, and gave her a severe shaking up by the concussion.

Miss Kathryn Bates spoke in the M. E. church at Roscommon last Sunday to an appreciative audience on the subject of Deacons work, as conducted by that society.

To Cure a Cold in one Day take **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets**. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Geo. Tappan, of Roscommon Co., killed a large bear one day last week. He was alone and both were hungry, and it was Geo, or the bear and Geo. was not ready to go, hence the above result.

The W. R. C. will place for sale in the window of the millinery store, Saturday, Sept. 8th: Biscuit, Baked Pork and Beans, Cake, Waffles and Pumpkin Pie. Any amount called for sold, all the way from 5c to \$1.00.

Miss Nettie McLarty, of Standish, was the guest of Miss Marcia Kendrick, Sunday. She has resumed her duties as teacher in the Cobb district, Maple Forest, where she has been engaged in the past year.

We have received a copy of The "Dedair Republican," which announces the arrival and settlement in that city, of Rev. G. L. Guichard and family. He began his pastoral service last Sunday.

Mrs. T. A. Carney returned from her visit at the old home last Saturday. She was well pleased with the care that her nurse had taken of the kids, while she was gone.

At the School Meeting Monday night it was voted to raise \$3990 dollars by direct tax. H. A. Bauman and George Comer were elected trustees in place of A. Taylor and N. Mickelson.

Comrade A. H. Wisner and his wife were the only ones from here who attended the National encampment, G. A. R., at Chicago. They report a most enjoyable time, having met a host of old time friends aside from his army comrades. The only discomfort was the extreme heat.

While at Roscommon last week the writer was informed by Jas. Watson that the item recently published in the Record and other state papers regarding his removal as deputy state treasurer was to a great extent a misrepresentation of the facts. The facts as published in this paper were gleaned from exchanges, and the Record has no thought of doing Mr. Watson an injustice. Gladwin Record.

Last Friday evening the Ladies Aid gave Mrs. Wm. Mantz a very pleasant surprise and presented her with a beautiful present as a token of their high esteem. The gentlemen who accompanied the ladies presented Mr. Mantz with a splendid rocker as a memento of his residence in Lewiston. Mr. and Mrs. Mantz with Elsie and Raymond leave for Milwaukee Wednesday for future residence. They have been among Lewiston's most highly esteemed citizens and will be greatly missed by the village. Lewiston Journal.

DIED—At the home of his aunt, Mrs. L. W. Colter, September 1st, Mrs. Leonard Hammond, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hammond, aged 5 years.

Why do you mourn for Leon? He has reached that Better Land, And is singing with the Angels Near the throne at God's right hand.

You know that now, forever He is from sin and sorrow free; Look up, and smile, dear parents: Your Leon waits for thee.

He is waiting now, up yonder With those who have gone before, He will be the first to meet you When you reach the other shore.

Muresco!

We are headquarters for Muresco. The painters claim this is the best wall finish, so it must be so. Try a package!

Selling, Hanson & Co.

Mrs. J. C. Hanson returned from her visit in Indiana, last evening.

Mrs. J. M. Jones is enjoying a visit from her sister, Miss Lina Crofoot, of Chesaning.

Announcement

EDITOR AVALLANCHE:—Please announce that I will be a candidate for the office of

JUDGE OF PROBATE, for Crawford County, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention, when called.

JOHN C. HANSON.

Stops the Cough and works off Cold Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25c.

WANTED.—One hundred chickens, broilers or smaller, to feed. Will pay nine cents a pound for chicks, and will buy a few older fowls at the highest market price.

W. H. NILES.

The practical editor of the exchange went to the wedding of Ebenezer Sweet and Miss Lemon, and wrote up the following notice next day: "How happily extremes do meet, Eliza and Ebenezer. For she's no longer sour but sweet, and he's a lemon squeezer."

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

We wish to extend sincere thanks to friends and neighbors for their kindness in our sad affliction, especially Mrs. Peck for services, and those who furnished music, Mrs. Niles for flowers, and Mrs. Gregory for many acts of kindness.

Mr. and Mrs. F. HAMMOND.
Mr. and Mrs. L. W. COLTER.

How Bright's Disease starts. Indigestion, biliousness, blood poisoned with urea and uric acid (which should have been excreted by the kidneys), rheumatic pains in nerves and joints, causing irritation of the kidneys, then pains over the small of the back, mark sure approach of Bright's Disease. Do not delay taking **Foley's Kidney Cure**, for it makes the kidneys right. Take no substitute. L. Fournier.

From 4,000 to 5,000 acres of land homesteaded in Northern Michigan and the Upper Peninsula have reverted back to Uncle Sam, the homesteaders allowing the eight year statutory period to elapse without confirming title.

Notice.
Parties having young cattle can find a ready market for them by a plying to us. We will pay highest market price.

SALLING, HANSON & CO.

Foley's Kidney Cure is a pure medicine, and contains no concentrated form of remedies recognized by the most skillful of the medical profession as the most effective agents for the cure of kidney and bladder diseases. L. Fournier.

The fact that flax can be successfully grown on lands in this and adjoining counties; is proven by the sample left in the post office by C. L. Brown, of Gerish. We do not understand the nature of this product, but those who have examined the specimen pronounce it very fine.—Ros. News.

Half the world is in darkness as to the cause of their ill health. If they would start to treat their kidney's with **Foley's Kidney Cure**, the weariness of body and mind, backache, headache and rheumatic pains would disappear. L. Fournier.

There is more joy in a printing office over one stinner who pays in advance and abuses the editor on every occasion, than over the ninety and nine who borrow the paper and sing his praise without contributing one cent to pay the bills.—Ex. But its the one who borrows that does the kicking.

Allen-Halverson of West Prairie, Wis., says: "People come ten miles to buy **Foley's Kidney Cure**," while J. A. Spero of Helmer, Ind., says: "It is the wonder of the age." L. Fournier.

The postoffice department announces that while 85 rural free delivery routes have been established in Michigan, there are now 200 applications pending. Quite a number more will doubtless be established in the near future, while many petitions now in cannot be acted upon until congress makes another appropriation for the extension of the service.

"I had a running sore on my leg for seven years," writes Mrs. James Forest Chippewa Falls, Wis., "and spent hundreds of dollars in trying to get it healed. Two boxes of **Banner Salve** entirely cured it." L. Fournier.

Attention!

We desire to call the attention of the citizens of Grayling and vicinity to our new stock of Shoes, consisting of all the latest styles and best makes, namely the celebrated Rindge, Kalmbach & Co., C. E. Smith Shoe and others. We have Shoes for men, women, boys, girls and also for the babies.

When you come to buy your shoes, come prepared to buy your groceries, as we sell the best at lowest prices. We are sole agents for McArthur's Patent Flour, the best on earth for bread, also the celebrated Ja-Vo-Blend Coffee, for 25 cents, and Black Cross Tea for 50 cents, that experts say can't be beat.

Choice Fruits, Confectionary, Tobacco and Cigars always on hand. Give me a call.

WALMAR JORGENSEN,
Successor to Claggett & Blair.

SchoolBooks!

Fornier's Drug Store

Is headquarters for Schoolbooks, Tablets, Slates, Pens, Pencils, School Bags, Ink, etc., including everything in the line of School Supplies. The finest line of Tablets ever brought to Grayling.

LUCIEN FOURNIER,
Druggist, Grayling, Mich.

Sewing Machines.

Just received a lot of Sewing Machines direct from the factory, which we can sell from \$21.00 to \$35.00 each. Cheaper machines can be had to order.

Always on hand the best **SEWING MACHINE OIL**, guaranteed not to gum. Price 10 cents.

J. W. SORENSON.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

IF YOU WANT

A "HARRISON WAGON,"
"The Best On Wheels,"
OR A

**CLIPPER PLOW, or a
GALE PLOW, or a
HARROW, (Spike, Spring or Wheel)
CULTIVATOR or WHEEL ROE,
Or Any Implement Made**

**A CHAMPION BINDER,
Or MOWER, DAISY HAY RAKE,
Or Any Style of CARRIAGE,
Call at the Warehouse in rear of Avalanche Office.
O. PALMER.**

Notice for Publication.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Land Office at Marquette, Mich.,
August 25th, 1900.

Notice is hereby given that the following named Settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the circuit court of Crawford County, at Grayling, Mich., on October 16th, 1900, viz: Homestead application No. 9953, David L. Spencer, S.E. 1/4 of Section 32, Tp. 27 N., R. 23 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John Stephan, George Stephan, Leon J. Stephan and Jasper N. West, all of Grayling, Mich.

THOMAS SCADDEN,
REGISTER

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Office open for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Best Hotel in Detroit
Can do more for you in the way of comfortable beds and good meals than the Franklin House, at Bates and Larned Streets. Rates are \$1.50 to \$2.00 a day. American plan. Woodward and Jefferson Streets are only a block away, with cars to all parts of the city. Excellent accommodations for wheelmen. H. H. JAMES & SON, Proprietors
(Bates and Larned Sts., Detroit, Mich.)

JOSEPH'S

—Fifth Great—

Annual Clearing Sale!

Look well to your own interest, and attend this sale. No matter what you want we can supply you at a much lower price than usual, in many cases at half price or less. There is not one item in this announcement but what is an unmatchable and extraordinary bargain.

It will pay you to visit our store for the next 30 days, and share in the money-making opportunities that are here. Our stock must be reduced, and prices have been cut with a thoroughness and good will that is bound to insure rapid selling.

Below we will quote you a few prices:

5 and 6c Prints for	4c	25c Ladies' Fast Black Hose	15c
7 and 8c Prints for	5c	Men's All Wool Suits	4.75
6, 7 and 8c Gingham	5c	Men's Cashmere Suits	5.00
12 and 15c French Gingham	8c	Men's Black Clay Worsted Suits	5.75
10 and 12 cents Madras Cloth	8c	Men's Blue Slate Flannel Suits	8.00
36 in. Percales	8c	English Melton Suits	10.00
10c Chamber	7c	Boys Suits from \$1.00 to \$5.00	
25c and 35c Cashmeres	21c	Children's Wash Suits	35c
50c Cashmeres	35c	\$1.50 Men's Oil Grain Shoes	1.25
25c Hair Cloth	15c	\$2.00 Men's Tan Colored Shoes	1.50
Men's Working Shirts	21c	\$2.50 Men's Chocolate Shoes	2.00
60c Men's Working Shirts	39c	\$1.25 Ladies' Dongola Shoes,	
1.00 Men's Working Pants	78c	sizes 5 to 8,	90c
2.50 and 3.00 Corduroy Pants	1.90	\$2.50 Ladies' Shoes	1.75
25c Men's Underwear	15c	\$3.00 Ladies' Shoes	2.25
20c and 25c Ladies' Underwear	10c	60c Children's Slippers,	35c
10c Children's Underwear	5c	\$1.50 Boys Shoes,	1.25
10c Ladies' Fast Black Hose	7c		

We have not space to mention all our prices, but all goods will go in like proportion. This sale is for 30 days, and for CASH ONLY.

JOSEPH'S CASH STORE,

ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.

(Opposite Bank.) Grayling, Michigan.

Blumenthal

—AND—

Baumgart,

==THE BIG==

One Price For All Store

—

Your Attention, Please!

We are filling up our large store with the latest styles in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Blankets and Quilts, Mens, Boys and Childrens Suits, Overcoats and Reefers, Ladies, Misses and Childrens Capes and Jackets, and also a full line of Fur Collars and Collarets.

In Shoes we handle nothing but the best makes in the country.

We will be pleased to show you our elegant line of Capes and Jackets.

Trusting you will favor us with your patronage, we are

Respectfully Yours

BLUMENTHAL & BAUMGART.

THE BIG STORE. Grayling, Mich.

Grayling, Mich.

Grayling, Mich.

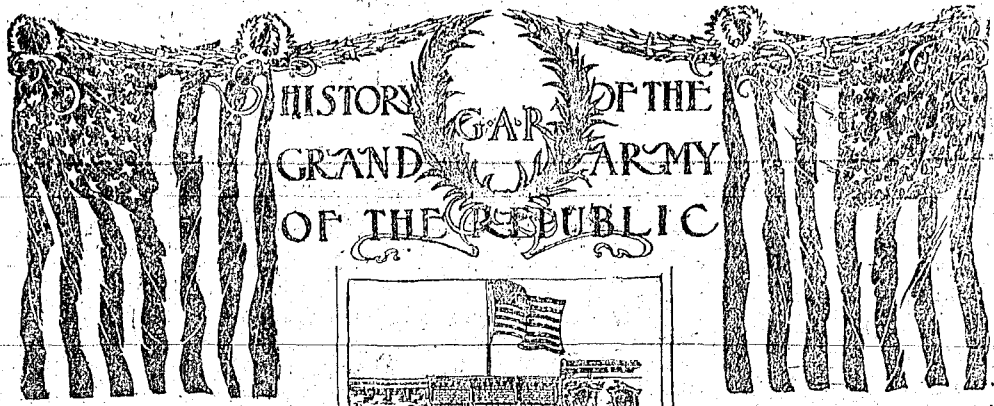
Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary.

Regular \$10.00

Dictionary for \$3.75.

Greatly enlarged and revised to date. Advantages of Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary over every other dictionary published. First, it is the latest dictionary published containing all new words, phrases and definitions that are known to the present time. Second, it contains fully 25,000 more words, phrases and definitions than are in Webster's International Dictionary. Third, it contains fully 45,000 more words, phrases and definitions than are in Webster's and Webster's Latest Unabridged Dictionary. Fourth, it contains fully 237 pages, being about 250 pages more than Webster's International Dictionary. Fifth, it contains 500 more pages of Dictionary matter than any of the latest Dictionaries. Sixth, the arrangement is superior to that of any other Dictionary published, for it gives first the words of the English language defined originally by Noah Webster, which is followed by all the new words, phrases and definitions that have come into use up to date. Seventh, the exact reference is given to all quotations, together with the author, while in other Dictionaries the author only is cited. Eighth, it is cheaper in price than any other Dictionary. Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary is printed on first-class paper, made expressly for this book, from clear type, and is handsomely and substantially bound in elegant half Russia, marbled edges, for only \$3.75. For the student, the business man, the home and the library this Dictionary has absolutely no equal. Send your order now. ONLY \$3.75. Send for our special illustrated book catalogue, free. Address all orders to

THE WERNER COMPANY,
Publishers and Manufacturers.
(The Werner Company is thoroughly reliable.)—Editor.



The thought of founding an association that would preserve the friendships and memories of their common trials and dangers among the men who fought for the Union during the Civil War was conceived by the Rev. William J. Rutledge, of Petersburg, Ill., who, during the war, was chaplain of the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry. Chaplain Rutledge was the intimate and intimate friend of Dr. B. F. Stephenson after the latter joined the Fourteenth Regiment in 1862. To him he suggested his idea, and they agreed to work together for the purpose of organizing such an association after the close of the war.

After peace had been restored both were mustered out and returned to their homes. They kept up a lively correspondence, however, and in March, 1866, met, by appointment, in Springfield, Ill., to consider the draft of a ritual for the organization which they intended to found. Dr. Stephenson had prepared such a draft and consulted many former officers of the Union army in reference to it, among them Col. John M. Snyder, Governor Oglesby's secretary; Dr. James Hamilton, Maj. Robert M. Woods, Maj. Robert Allen, Col. Martin Flood, Col. Daniel Grass, Col. Edward Prince, and many others.

The ritual was finally adopted and printed in the office of the Doctor, Ill. Rutledge, which was owned by I. W. Collins and Joseph Pryor. Both men, as well as nearly all their employees, had been in the military service during the war. They were all pledged to the utmost secrecy. Capt. John S. Phelps superintended the printing of the ritual.

Maj. B. F. Stephenson was the moving spirit of the movement, and devoted himself to his task with great energy and enthusiasm. His friends succeeded in interesting many other officers and men of the Union army on behalf of the proposed organization, and it was finally formed in Springfield in March, 1866.

The first post was founded in Decatur, Ill., through the efforts of Dr.



J. W. Routh and Capt. M. F. Kanan, of that city. It was organized by Major Stephenson and Captain Phelps on April 6, 1866. The officers were mustered in by Major Stephenson, who then declared the post duly organized and ready for the transaction of any and all business that might come before it. At the regular meeting on April 10, 1866, N. G. Burns, Henry Gorman, N. B. Winiford, W. H. Andrews and W. H. B. Rowe were mustered in as new members of the post.

In the meantime Major Stephenson and his comrades worked hard to perfect the constitution, which was finally accepted at a meeting in Springfield, May 9, 1866. It was printed in Springfield, and copies were sent to the Decatur Post No. 1 on May 15, followed shortly after by copies of the revised ritual. According to the constitution the name of the national organization was to be "The Grand Army of the Republic," and perfect unity and State organizations were provided for. Prior to the formal institution of Post No. 2 at Springfield a departmental staff had been agreed upon to prosecute the work of organizing posts.

The first State convention of encampment to form the Department of Illinois was held at Springfield, Ill., on July 12, 1866. At that time there were already thirty-nine Grand Army posts in the State of Illinois that had received their charters. The call for the convention was signed by many of the most prominent former army officers in the State. The convention was called

to order by Major Stephenson and Col. Walter B. Seates, of Chicago, was elected president. The Department of Illinois was formally organized.

The first national encampment, in which the national organization of the Grand Army of the Republic was perfected, was held at Indianapolis, Ind., on Nov. 20, 1866. It was called to order by Commander-in-Chief B. F. Stephenson, and Gen. John M. Palmer was elected permanent president of the convention. The war Governor of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton, attended the encampment and was received with great enthusiasm.

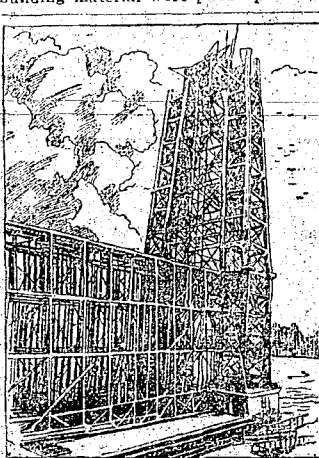
The second national encampment of the Grand Army did not take place until Jan. 15-17, 1868, and was held at Philadelphia. John A. Logan, of Illinois, was elected commander-in-chief. He was re-elected at the following two national encampments at Cincinnati and Washington, D. C. The fifth national encampment was held at Boston and elected A. E. Burnside commander-in-chief.

During the first years of its existence the growth of the Grand Army of the Republic was comparatively slow, and not until the latter part of the '70s did its marvelous growth really begin. In 1878 the Grand Army comprised but 31,016 members, while at the present time it comprises 7,184 posts, with 286,452 members. The greatest number of members was reached in 1890, when the national organization comprised 400,448 members in good standing. After this it is expected that the number will steadily decrease, owing to the mortality among the veterans.

Following is a list showing the number of members of the Grand Army during the years from 1878 to the present time:

1878	31,016	1890	400,448
1879	44,752	1891	467,751
1880	60,634	1892	399,520
1881	85,556	1893	307,223
1882	131,701	1894	369,083
1883	215,440	1895	357,439
1884	273,168	1896	340,610
1885	264,787	1897	310,457
1886	229,471	1898	305,903
1887	235,310	1899	287,563
1888	272,420	1900	286,452
1889	297,074		

GREAT BRIDGE OF STEEL.
Another Vast Structure to Connect Brooklyn and New York.
The second Brooklyn bridge, will be 1,600 feet in length, or four and one-half feet longer between the towers than the present bridge, and will be the largest structure of the kind in the world. In 1895 the plans were made and in the fall of 1896 the work was begun with the caissons for the New York tower. These were built on the Brooklyn side and then taken across the river and anchored on the foundations, filled up with concrete and on top of this work the granite piers were built which support the towers. The work of building these granite supports was a difficult one. On the Brooklyn side the structure extends 108 feet below the high water line and 335 feet above the same line, and as the great masses of stone were unloaded and made ready for place in the structure and as thousands of tons of the same massive building material were piled up in the



TOWER OF THE NEW BRIDGE.
great anchorage block, which contains about 45,000 yards of masonry, many observers of the work believed that the bridge would be another stone structure. When the piers were finished the structural steel made its appearance, and this has been used exclusively in the construction of the great towers. This material will give the bridge a lighter and more graceful appearance than the present bridge, although it will be larger than bridge No. 1 in many respects. The towers will each contain about 6,000,000 pounds of metal, and from these monster uprights, 335 feet high, the cables supporting the bridge will be hung. These cables will support only the main span, 1,500 feet above the water, the approaches will be steel structures, extending on the New York side from Norfolk street and on the Brooklyn side to Havemeyer street. The spans between the anchorage and the main span will be cantilevers. The structure will be 144 feet wide and will have four tracks for trolley cars, two tracks for elevated trains, two driveways, two promenades and two bicycle paths.

DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON.
"Cap" Hatfield, the Notorious Outlaw, Killed Twenty Men.
"Cap" Hatfield, the famous outlaw chief of the Hatfield clan that for years waged intermittent war against the McCoy's, died with his boots on. His death was caused by bullet wounds received at the hands of a fellow worker in the same line, a man named Virginia Smith. "Cap" Hatfield has probably killed more men than any other man in the United States. He has killed more than twenty men, some in self-defense and others by stealth to satisfy the spirit of revenge. He was a desperado by heredity, his ancestors for generations having lived and died by the sword. The feud between the Hatfields and McCoy's started many years ago over the ownership of two hogs. Before the matter could be settled in the courts the two families were at each other with knives and guns and many on each side fell. In 1882 a truce, which lasted until 1891, was brought about by the influence of a man named Anson Hatfield, a son of "devil Anse," fell in love with Mary McCoy. The lovers were young mountaineers, and their attachment conquered the hatred between the two families. There was a marriage, at which every member on each

Wynbur, Chris. With the death of "Cap" Hatfield the famous Hatfield-McCoy feud ends, for the Hatfield clan is wiped out. They have died peacefully, been killed or are in prison. The McCoy's have suffered heavily and but few of them remain.

TRIED A TOBACCO REMEDY.
But the Smoker Discovered and Frustrated His Wife's Purpose.
"My smoking has always been a sore point with my wife, who never lets a cigarette slip to try and talk me out of the habit," said Brown. "Now, I enjoy a good cigar and see no use in giving up something that affords me pleasure. The other day, while I was rummaging around in a cupboard, I ran across a box of alleged tobacco cure. It could be put, so it said on the lid, in the coffee of the one that it was intended for and he would be cured of the habit without knowing how it was done. I say at once what Mrs. Brown was up to and I resolved to get even with her. The contents looked as much like sugar as anything, so I threw it out and refilled the box from the sugar bowl. That evening, from the unusual sweetness of my coffee I realized that she had begun to dope me. Flushing my dinner, I pushed back my chair and said: "It is strange, my dear, but I haven't the slightest desire to smoke a cigar. I saw her beam at this and then I continued: "But instead I have a desire to smoke a cigarette." "You have what?" she shrieked, for she considers it sure death to smoke the little rolls. "I desire to smoke a cigarette," said I, calmly. "I shall have to go over to the corner store and get a package." "Leaving her gasping for breath, I went over and bought a package, and smoked the miserable little things for the rest of the evening, while she wildly begged me to smoke a cigar or anything else but cigarettes. "For three days my wife kept putting her supposed dope in my coffee and I kept smoking, continually remarking that it was strange that I no longer cared for a cigar, but could not smoke enough cigarettes. "Finally she broke down and confessed what she had been doing. After fighting her by pretending that she had fixed the cigarette habit on me for life, we compromised by my agreeing to give them up and she to refrain from saying anything more about my smoking cigars. "The agent that sold her the dope is going to call upon me to get a recommendation from my wife. He'll get it. He'll get something else, too."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

PREMATURE BURIAL SIGNAL.
Device to Prevent the Possibility of Being Buried Alive.
The horror of being buried alive is a cause of worryment to many people long before death, and the stories frequently seen in the papers of cases of this kind cause one to shudder and wonder if it is not possible to prevent this. This thought has, no doubt, led Walter J. McKnight of Buffalo, N. Y., to devise the electrically operated ap-

DECLINED A CROWN.
MANY HAVE DONE SO SINCE JULIUS CAESAR'S TIME.
Some of the Persons Who Have Refused to Become Kings—Thrones of Greece Went Empty for Some Time—Similar Experience in Rumania.
It is no mean distinction to have refused a crown. There is probably not one man in a million who would decline a kingdom if it were offered him, in spite of the restless nights and fearful days that are commonly supposed to be the lot of a king. Even Cromwell is said to have refused the crown of England more from fear of others than from any other motive. But there have been many men since Cromwell who have refused to wear a monarch's crown. Thirty-five years ago, when the throne of Greece was vacant, more than one great English statesman might have ruled over the destinies of that classic country, but the difficulties in the way were formidable. Mr. Gladstone's name was freely mentioned in connection with the crown of Greece, though, as Mr. Gladstone was a member of the government at the time, the proposal never took definite shape. The late Lord Derby, however, who had strong sympathies with Greece, was offered the crown and refused it, throwing away £50,000 a year and a kingdom. It was not the first time a man had declined to sit on the throne of Greece—Prince Leopold, the father of the present King of the Belgians, having refused the crown when Greece was declared a kingdom, in 1830. Prince Leopold's reason for refusing the crown was that the boundaries of the country were insufficient, the exclusion of Crete especially influencing his decision. One of Queen Victoria's sons, the Duke of Edinburgh, has also been offered the Grecian crown. He was appealed to in the '90s, at the time Lord Derby declined the crown, but was compelled to refuse the offer, owing to the attitude of the powers, who strongly declared their opposition to Prince Alfred being crowned King of the Greeks. The throne was then offered to the present King, on whose behalf it was accepted by his father, the King of Denmark. The crown of Austria-Hungary was refused in the middle of the century by the Archduke Franz Karl, the father of the present Emperor, King Ferdinand I, abdicated in December, 1848. The throne then descended in the ordinary course to Archduke Franz Karl, the Archduke, however, declined the crown, which he handed over to his son, who still wears it. Another crown which has been more than once refused is the crown of Rumania. When Rumania was declared a kingdom it was settled that the throne should descend to Prince Leopold, the eldest brother of the then reigning King. The Prince, however, voluntarily yielded his rights to the crown in favor of his son, Prince Wilhelm, the renunciation being registered in the Senate in October, 1859. Prince Wilhelm remained his apparent heir for eight years, but toward the end of 1868 he formally refused to accept the crown, and his brother became his apparent heir, being now Prince of Rumania. The Prince has since married Princess Marie, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Not many years ago a nephew of the great Napoleon died in exile, after refusing a crown. Prince Napoleon, nicknamed "Pon-Pon," son of a brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, was invited to sit on the throne of Rumania as the first King of that country, but he declined the offer, believing at the time that he might ascend the throne of France. So the bird in the bush flew away, and the bird in the bush was never caught. The man who had hoped to be crowned King of France died out of that country in solitary exile. He had sacrificed one crown in the hope of receiving another, and lost both. Early in the present century Ferdinand VII. renounced the crown of Spain in favor of his father, who again refused it in favor of Napoleon, a great conqueror had to face a nation in arms, however, and never took the throne. The story of Lord Bunsen's gold is also a story of a crown. Bunsen, in stance, though there was no throne with this strange crown. The man by whose brain the idea of crowning Lord Bunsen with gold was conceived, died, but as long as he lived he never recovered from the blow of Lord Bunsen's refusal of this tribute. Tracy Turnaville received subscriptions from 50,000 people toward his gold lined wreath, but in June, 1879, when he formally offered the crown to his bid, it was refused.—Philadelphia Times.

About Paderewski.
That superb pianist, Ignace Jan Paderewski, who has had the honor of playing before the Queen, owns one of the most beautiful homes in the world at Mont Bosson, on the borders of the lake of Geneva in Switzerland. As he says, it is too beautiful for work. But, none the less, it was here he composed and orchestrated the greater portion of his opera, which is to be produced at Dresden. By which he is a Russian-Pole, having first seen the light of day at Lodz on Nov. 6, 1860. After studying at Warsaw and Berlin, he became a music teacher, and in 1881 he decided on his life career as a virtuoso. He first went to London in May, 1880, when he played at St. James Hall.

From Kept from Apprentices.
In the sixteenth century there was a curious law in England, whereby street hawkers were forbidden to sell plums and apples for the reason that servants and apprentices were unable to resist the sight of them and were, consequently, tempted to steal their employers' money in order to enjoy the costly delicacies.

Number of Persons in Schools.
The entire number of pupils in all American schools last year was 16,687,643. There are 104,451 in the universities and colleges, 54,221 in schools of law, medicine and theology, 67,338 in normal schools, 70,959 in business schools, 97,747 in kindergartens.

SHEAR NO SENSE.
There would be a greater demand for "free" things if they didn't cost so much. The great wall of China is said to be the largest piece of porcelain in the world. Johnny—"Law, what is black-mail?" Paw—"Mourning envelopes."—Baltimore American. It was an Irishman who told his sweetheart that he couldn't sleep for dreaming of her. "Colums"—What is there between you and that heifer?" Burgess (sally)—"Her father."—Town Topics. A Russian loafer fills a place in society corresponding to that occupied by a weed in the vegetable kingdom. "If you do a man a favor and then refuse to do him another it will make him twice as angry as if you refused the first." Larry—"He bins, Dims, that outd he's ain't' tricks." Dims—"Maybe she's going to lay a carpet."—St. Andrew's Gazette. Tramp—"Excuse me, have you seen a policeman?" Cyell—"No." Tramp—"Then I'll have to call on you to give up your watch and money."—Tit-Bits. "What do you think of the census?" asked Mr. Brechtwood. "It is a questionable proceeding," replied Mr. Home-wood.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "Degrass." General (laughing)—"I went to the war and defended my country." Statesman (wearily)—"That's nothing. I stayed at home and defended the war."—Life. "I've given five years of my life to get out of this scrape," said the prisoner at the bar. "I'll let you out with three." said the judge as he passed sentence.—Green Bag. "What is bread chiefly used for, Tommy?" asked the teacher of a small pupil in the juvenile class. "To spread butter on," was the logical but unexpected reply. "The cuckoo in that clock reminds me of a poor ball-player and an arrogant labor union." "How so?" "It goes out on so many strikes."—Chicago Times-Herald. On a bargain basis: "Lawyer—"Well, madam, let us understand each other. What do you want a divorce for?" Fair client—"Can I get one for about four dollars?"—Chicago Tribune. "I want you to understand that I don't waste my time talking to a cat." "Don't you know that it is always more dangerous to let the fool than to talk the cat?"—Chicago Times-Herald. Tom—"Did you ask old Gilroy's consent to your marriage with his daughter?" Dick—"Yes." Tom—"How did you come out?" Dick—"I really don't know; it all happened so sudden."—Town Topics. Porter (at the Irish country railway station, in volume but dreary monotony)—"The half-past nine o'clock train won't start to-night till ten o'clock, and there'll be no last train."—Ex. Niblick—"Drassie is the most enthusiastic man over golf I have yet seen." Loffer—"Why, I didn't know that he played the game at all." Niblick—"He doesn't, but he sells golf goods."—Boston Transcript. Mother—"Didn't I tell you not to touch the preserves without my permission?" Son—"Yes, mother." Mother—"Then why did you come to me and ask me?" Son—"Because I wanted some."—Life. Diplomacy? Censuraker—"What is your age, madam?" Mrs. Neighbor—"Did the woman next door give her age?" Censuraker—"Certainly." Mrs. Neighbor—"Well, I'm two years younger than she is."—Chicago News. A faithful man? Miss Plainface (earnestly)—"But if I had not all this money, do you think you could still be happy with me?" Mr. Sevens (gladly)—"But you're not the same girl."—Brooklyn Life. "Yes, I caught a beautiful string," said the sun-blistered banker, "and it weighed four pounds." There was a brief silence. The voice of the insurance agent broke it. "About how many did it take to weigh it?" he mildly asked. "Not over ten," replied the unabashed banker.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Mrs. Brown—"I must be going back to the city at once. I've had three letters from my husband in two days." Mrs. Gray—"Why, you poor dear! I know just how you feel. Two would be suspiciously attentive—but three! I really am afraid he has been doing something very reprehensible."—Brooklyn Life. "Papa," said little Percy, "why doesn't mamma travel with the circus?" "Why," Mr. Hompeck laughed, "what could she do in a circus?" "She might be the strong woman. I heard her telling grandma, the other day, that she could wind you around her little finger just as easy as nothing."—Chicago Times-Herald. "I wish you would get me a new baby brother, mamma," said 4-year-old Marie. "Why, dear, what do you want with one?" asked her mother. "I want him to wheel around in my doll carriage," answered Marie. "But you have several dolls for that purpose," said the mother. "Yes," replied the little miss, "but they are always getting broken when the carriage tips over."—

WOMEN WHO SELL PAPERS.
Comparatively Few of the Sex in the Business in Chicago.
There are not many women in Chicago who follow the business of selling newspapers on the street, but those who do are not lacking in persistency, says the Chronicle. They have several advantages over boys, one being their sex and age, which appeal to buyers of papers; another is a commotion on the street does not divert them from their calling. Their memory of faces is remarkable. When a man buys a paper twice of a woman he is looked upon as a regular customer, and if he does not keep it up from day to day she puts on the look of one who is injured. This little trick works well. Not a few men will make it a point to defer purchasing until they reach her street corner. Not a few men regard the patronizing of such persons as a sort of charity, and that makes them like to put themselves out a little to do it. All these characteristics of men, the woman vender of newspapers understands, and with every sale there goes with the paper a look and a smile which make the buyer feel in his soul that he is ameliorating the condition of the poor and he comes again. Nearly all women street vendors of newspapers in Chicago are considered

There are a few women who are in the trade as a business. They are out early and late, always on hand for the first issue of the "Extra," and they push themselves forward quite as actively as the newsboys hustle. Such women do not resort to subterfuge. They do not play for sympathy, nor do they claim any favors because of their sex. They rely upon their push, energy and perhaps love of the excitement. Anyway, they go about it like a merchant, who knows his goods have merit and that it is his business to proclaim that fact far and near. There are a few quite old women in the business of selling newspapers on the street, and their age and feebleness obliges them to have a regular place to sit down. They have regular customers who buy of them out of honest sympathy because it is their chief if not their only means of support, and rarely ever is change asked when a nickel is given. This class, as a rule, are neat and clean in appearance and express their gratitude with their eyes rather than in words. It may be said that there are no young women in the business of selling newspapers on the streets in Chicago, but there are a number of girls ranging in age from 8 to 12 years, and nearly all of them are old, persistent and always chewing gum. They look untidy and seem to have no ambition to better their condition.

BIRDS THAT DO NOT SING.
They Far Outnumber the Musicians of the Feathered Family.
Singing is applied to birds in the same sense that it is to human beings—the utterance of musical notes. Every person makes vocal sounds of some kind, but many persons never attempt to sing. So it is with birds. The eagle screams, the owl hoots, the wild goose honks, the crow caws, but none of these discordant sounds can be called singing. With the poet, the singing of birds means melody, light-hearted joyousness, and most of us are poetic enough to view it in the same way. Birds sing more in the spring and the early summer, those happiest seasons of the year, while employed in nest-building and in rearing their young. Many of our most musical singers are silent all the rest of the year; at least they utter only low chirpings. It is natural, therefore, that lovers of birds should regard their singing as purely an expression of joy in the returning spring, and in their happy occupations. Outside of what are properly classed as song birds there are many species that never pretend to sing; in fact, these far outnumber the musicians. They include the water birds of every kind, both swimmers and waders, all the birds of prey, eagles, hawks, owls and vultures, and all the gallinaceous tribes, comprising pheasants, partridges, turkeys and chickens. The gobble of the turkey cock, the defiant crow of the "hob-wie," are none of them true singing; yet it is quite probable that all of these sounds are uttered with precisely similar motives to those that inspire the sweet warbling of the song-sparrow, the clear whistle of the robins or the thrilling music of the wood-thrush. But naturalists have set apart a very large group as song birds, and even among these there are many species that never sing at all. Birds are grouped according to their anatomical characteristics, the structure of their bones, bills, feet and wings. And thus we have the songless song birds, looking at

the matter from the standpoint of the classifying naturalist.—Philadelphia Times.

Starting in the Chicken Business.
There is a story told of a shrewd Yankee who began in business without any capital at all. He borrowed a broody hen from one neighbor and a setting of eggs from another. Having set the hen he soon had a fine brood of chicks; but was now in a dilemma as to how he could pay back those eggs. He finally solved the difficulty by keeping the hen until she had laid the required number of eggs, when he returned both the hen and the eggs, and guessed he had as fine a lot of chickens as anybody. And also as cheap, too. There are men in Western Nebraska who claim a good start from a borrowed cow, but the operation can hardly have been as smooth as this.—Exchange.

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A certain man was very much given to bragging about grand relations and connections, though he was not always quite convincing. On one occasion he was particularly thrumming, holding forth about "Lady Blanche, whom I met yesterday, a connection of mine through Lord So-and-So and the Earl of Nobody," and so on. A Scotsman present, said, quietly: "That reminds me of a man I knew, who said he was a relation of the Duke of Argyll, and explained it this way: 'The duke's people's sister's son had a wee dog that was his brother to my aunt's wee lad's doggie.'"

The beaster was silent about his grand relations for the rest of the evening.—London Tit-Bits.

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When the outside interference which is now inevitable shall have removed or modified the existing bars to trade China will leave Japan far behind from the industrial standpoint. The Chinese are as remarkable for their commercial vitality as the Japanese are for the opposite; they are more solid, better balanced, take longer views, and are, in short, more merchants and less peddlers than the same class in Japan, and the natural resources of their immense country are such as Japan cannot hope to compete with, poor as she is in mineral wealth and subject to the most disastrous natural convulsions.

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Utah Has Much Asphalt.
Should be supplied of asphalt at Trenton. It has become exhausted, according to an expert in the use of this material, a still greater need which underlies a vast area of ground near Fort Duchesne, Utah, may be drawn upon. The ground is now part of an Indian reservation.

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WOMAN NEWSPAPER DEALER.
ably past middle age, and their interest up in one of several papers. Some have seen better days. Some who saw during the day spend an hour or two in the afternoon and early evening selling papers, because they need the recreation and aid, besides they make a little money out of it, which is a great help to them in meeting expenses. There are a few newspaper sellers who fetch a child with them to the street, which serves as a manufacturer of sympathy. The child may belong to the woman who has it, and it may be borrowed for the occasion. The latter becomes a pretty self-evident fact when the child does not always sit in its appearance, and especially so when the child bears no likeness of the woman, and they act one toward the other as if there was no bond of relationship existing between them. The child's part in the play for sympathy and trade is a conspicuous one. If it is not too large it is carried in the woman's arms while she stands and on her lap while she sits, but in any event it is kept well to the foreground as a childish appeal for patronage. It is a good card, and even men and women who believe it is all a play cannot always resist the promptings of their sympathy. Such women move from place to place. They are on one street corner to-day, and another to-morrow, and hence, wherever else they are, they are not wanted for regular customers, but it is those who borrow babies for the occasion.

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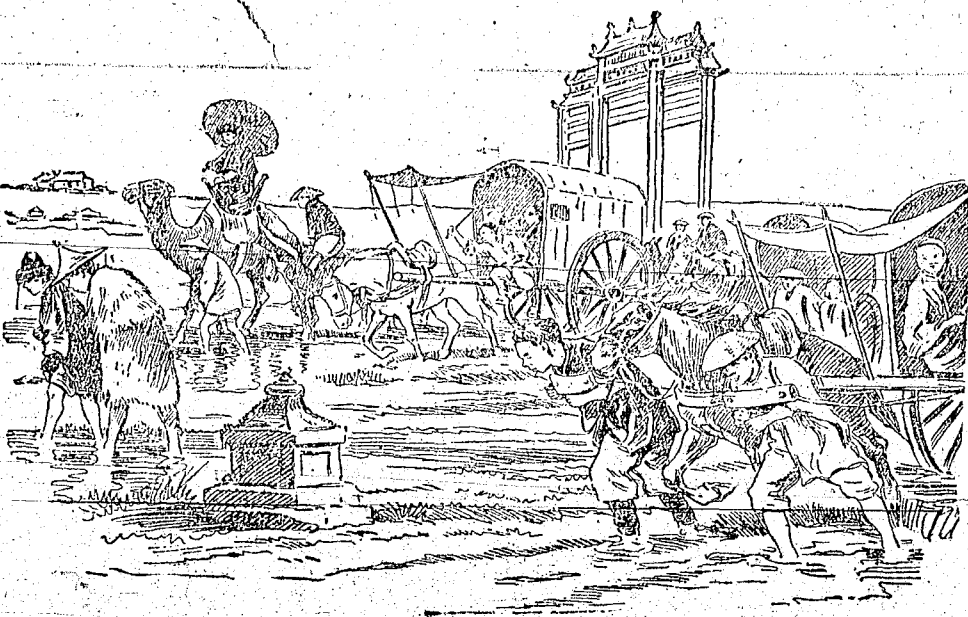
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DIFFICULTIES OF A LAND JOURNEY IN CHINA.

The Overland Route Between Tien tsin and Peking, Over Which the All d Army Marched.



The country between Peking and Tien tsin is a vast, open plain, and the journey is a long, arduous one. The traveler must be prepared for all sorts of difficulties, from the heat of the sun to the cold of the night. The journey is a test of endurance and a challenge to the traveler's spirit.

TWO LOVERS.

Whose baby is loveliest?
Mother's own.
All round the world—north, south, east,
west—
Here alone!
For whether it be a Chinese tot,
Or a white child with a shaven crown,
Or a dear little girl of the Land of the
Free,
Or a totling Prince in London town,
Or the one rare treasure a Southern slave
Hugs to his heart, all are sweet and true,
Each in its mother's gentle arms,
Is fairer than all the world beside.

Whose mother is loved the best?
Baby's own.
She whose cheek was first caressed—
She alone!
For whether she be an Eskimo,
Or a colored maid, or a stately queen,
Or a wandering organ-grinder's wife,
Jingling and beating her tambourine,
In every land where children are
The baby eyes from their deep, serene
Gaze, raptnre-bound by the tender grace
In the mother's beamed, love-lit face,
Woman's Home Companion.

At the Eleventh Hour.

IT'S so old, papa," protested Barbara Bessinger.
"A man should be several years
the senior of his wife," declared Quintus
Bessinger.
"And he has a glass eye!"
"One less with which to observe
short-comings, my dear!"
"And has false teeth."
"So have I. Now, Barbara, be sensible,
and think it over."

Barbara thought it over, and decided
that if being sensible meant marrying
Giles Ferguson she must persist in being
foolish. The next time her father
returned to the charge he put his plan
on personal grounds. His pathetic re-
presentation of his position was rather
effective. The impudent in his
office building had cost more than he
had fancied they would. An Eastern
firm, on whose leniency he had relied,
were pressing him for immediate pay-
ment of a heavy account. Ferguson
had practically refused him further ad-
vance because Barbara had declined
to marry him. He could find better use
for his money than loaning it to the
man whom he was anxious to accept as
a father-in-law.

"I wouldn't urge you," concluded
Bessinger, "if I thought you cared for
any one else. There isn't any one else—
eh, Barbara?"
Barbara was eighteen. She had a
round, trim young form; a brunette
face full of life and sparkle, and hazel
eyes, and a lovely scarlet mouth.
"No one else, papa!" There was no
questioning the frank sincerity of the
reply. "Give me two weeks more to con-
sider. Then I'll say yes if I can—for
your sake—you poor, dear old worried
thing!"

Bessinger made the most of Barbara's
confession. Ferguson was profoundly
gratified. His only movable eye ex-
pressed his happy anticipation.
"Tell her," said he, "that I have never
married because my ideal was so lofty.
Never until I met Miss Barbara did I
meet any woman possessing every per-
fection."

"Tell her yourself," advised Quintus.
"Girls don't like to be courted through
third parties."
Ferguson called every evening.
His deliberate compliments and lan-
guishing glances set her wild with re-
sentment. Two weeks? Why hadn't
she said two months? Surely the hours
were racing by. It seemed to her the
days fairly galloped out of sight. Her
father grew more haggard—more de-
pressed. She used to catch him watch-
ing her furtively. Ferguson would
stare off to himself, would build up his
business, would put his credit on a
firm basis. If only—He had been a
good father to her. She would prob-
ably never fall in love anyway. Per-
haps she ought to do as he wished—
she shuddered.

The fatal day of her decision ar-
rived. A glorious day it was, calm and
golden, with a soft, warm wind skurrying
along State street and playing the
pranks at the corner where towards the
Masonic temple. Just there it swirled
a girl's skirts around her slender
ankles, and not content with this an-
ticipatory—snatched off her veil and dived
it out of reach. But a tall man in a
gray suit gave prompt pursuit. "Oh,
thank you," cried Barbara Bessinger,
blushing, when he stood before her, but
in hand, returning the triumphant
"You are very kind!"

A murmured deprecation, a long-
ing, eloquent look of admiration, a deep
bow, and he was lost in the crowd.
Barbara went home in a strange state

of exultation. Some little ones at her
gates offered her roses. She took the
roses and kissed the children. She had
never thought flowers and child faces
so beautiful before. She found herself
singing as she ran up stairs. She was
startled by the loveliness of her own re-
flection in the glass. Why did she feel
so happy, why—Suddenly she seemed
to see again the homage of those flash-
ing blue eyes. Not! She surely was not
so silly as that! In delicious, girlish
shame she pressed her slim fingers over
her eyes to shut out those others. But
they would not be barred. They gazed
into her still! All at once a dreadful
thought thrilled her.

To-night Giles Ferguson would come
for his answer.
A sharp sense of repulsion over-
whelmed her. She could not marry
him! She would not. She bathed,
colored her dark hair, washed down to
dinner in a gown of rose lawn. At
8 o'clock the hopeful suitor made his
appearance. He wore a brand-new
suit, and was apparently prepared for
conquest. He and Bessinger talked.
At 10 Barbara was to give her final
decision. She watched the clock in an
agonized nervousness. Half-past 11!
The hands were moving around the dial
with appalling speed. Nine! She did
not know the bell had rung—that a vis-
itor was shown in. He was young, tall,
good-looking. With a start she recog-
nized the agile captor of her veil.
"The small gentleman is Mr. Ferguson,"
she heard the servant say.

And he has a glass eye!
"One less with which to observe
short-comings, my dear!"
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man whom he was anxious to accept as
a father-in-law.

"I wouldn't urge you," concluded
Bessinger, "if I thought you cared for
any one else. There isn't any one else—
eh, Barbara?"
Barbara was eighteen. She had a
round, trim young form; a brunette
face full of life and sparkle, and hazel
eyes, and a lovely scarlet mouth.
"No one else, papa!" There was no
questioning the frank sincerity of the
reply. "Give me two weeks more to con-
sider. Then I'll say yes if I can—for
your sake—you poor, dear old worried
thing!"

Bessinger made the most of Barbara's
confession. Ferguson was profoundly
gratified. His only movable eye ex-
pressed his happy anticipation.
"Tell her," said he, "that I have never
married because my ideal was so lofty.
Never until I met Miss Barbara did I
meet any woman possessing every per-
fection."

"Tell her yourself," advised Quintus.
"Girls don't like to be courted through
third parties."
Ferguson called every evening.
His deliberate compliments and lan-
guishing glances set her wild with re-
sentment. Two weeks? Why hadn't
she said two months? Surely the hours
were racing by. It seemed to her the
days fairly galloped out of sight. Her
father grew more haggard—more de-
pressed. She used to catch him watch-
ing her furtively. Ferguson would
stare off to himself, would build up his
business, would put his credit on a
firm basis. If only—He had been a
good father to her. She would prob-
ably never fall in love anyway. Per-
haps she ought to do as he wished—
she shuddered.

The fatal day of her decision ar-
rived. A glorious day it was, calm and
golden, with a soft, warm wind skurrying
along State street and playing the
pranks at the corner where towards the
Masonic temple. Just there it swirled
a girl's skirts around her slender
ankles, and not content with this an-
ticipatory—snatched off her veil and dived
it out of reach. But a tall man in a
gray suit gave prompt pursuit. "Oh,
thank you," cried Barbara Bessinger,
blushing, when he stood before her, but
in hand, returning the triumphant
"You are very kind!"

of Porter street, in the district known
as the Neck, and there is now living
in Germantown a man who has amassed
a fortune of \$500,000 in raising early
vegetables in that locality. His two
sons are still engaged in truck farm-
ing, although they have not the same
chances as their father had during the
civil war, when spinach sold for \$8 a
barrel and onions brought \$12 a bar-
rel. The father, with his half million,
has removed to a handsome country
seat near Germantown, where he lives
in opulence.

He was an orphan and at the age of
21, having been bound to a trucker,
he went with another man to work a
farm on shares. In two years he was
able to take a farm of his own and
succeed in his efforts. In those
days the farmer took his own produce
to market and sold it direct to the con-
sumer without the aid of the commis-
sion merchant. The labor
of the day could be had for \$2 or \$3 a
week, but this is now changed. On
Porter street between Thirteenth and
Sixteenth, there are two large public
school houses, and the boys who used
to work on the farms—now attend
school. The farmers are consequently
obliged to employ men and pay them
\$3 a week. Philadelphia Record.

Fish Preserved in Ice.
State Fish and Game Commissioner
Johnson is one of the oldest cowboys
in the State. He is an exceptionally
entertaining talker and a man who in
past years has been considered modest,
truthful and kind to those easily in-
duced to believe stories concerning the
beasts of the field and the fishes of the
sea.

But he has apparently changed. This
morning he claims to have seen a man
who saw a fish frozen in the ice in the
perpetual glacier on the north side of
Long's Peak.
"The story is a true one," said Mr.
Johnson, "for the man who told it to
me is a scientist and one of the most
prominent men in the country. His
discovery will be announced to the
department at Washington and a sci-
entific investigation may follow. He tells
me the fish appears to be about eight-
teen feet in length, as nearly as one
could estimate looking through a field
glass."

"But there are no fresh-water fish of
such proportions," was ventured.
"That's a fresh-water fish. It's a
salt-water fish."
"But how did it get there?"
"Easily enough to a fish man. That
fish has been frozen in the ice glacier
there ever since the time of the flood,
when all this land was inundated. That
is the reason the fish is an important
one."—Denver Times.

Never Noticed It.
A traveler in Corsica says that al-
though Porto Vecchio is so filthy that
one would like to dip it in the Mediter-
ranean for a thorough wash, it is won-
derfully lovely at a distance. Its white
granite houses with red-tiled roofs and
fragments of old walls, with the blue
sky above and the green knoll beneath
and about, make up an alluring and south-
ern picture as ever haunted a north-
erner's memory. But the southern-
ers appreciate it? If one may judge by
comparison—apparently not. Says a
writer in Travel:

"They do not seem a deeply intelli-
gent folk on this coast. I suppose
in a very bad part of the road to sea-
man the name of a certain noble mon-
tain peak inland, with reefs of snow
upon it.
"I do not know," said he, heavily.
"Ah, then you do not live here?"
"Yes, I am of these parts."
"And you do not know the name of
that very high mountain?"
"I know nothing about it."
He spoke conclusively. The most
conspicuous object in his daily land-
scape had, in his eyes, no significance
whatever.

Preferences.
Business men who are accustomed to
write standing before a high desk will
appreciate the following story:
Prof. Simon J. Brown, the astro-
nomical director of the naval observatory
at Washington, was standing as usual
before his desk, when a colleague came
into his office.
"Is it possible," said he, "that you
work in that way? I can't stand stand-
ing."

"That's odd," replied the professor.
"It's different with me. I can't stand
sitting."

CORSETS ARE WORN BY MEN.

Employed Frequently to Reduce Super-
abundant Development.

There is an unfortunate tendency
among middle-aged men of the present
day to become—put it mildly—stout.
An old man, if he is content to grow
old gracefully and not try to counter-
feit a young man, can view his grow-
ing "corporation" with comparative
indifference, but a man, say of 40 or
45, can only "view with alarm" such an
increase.

There is a well-authenticated rumor
about corsets for men are being
introduced and largely worn to correct
this untoward development of nature.
An attendant at a Turkish bath recently
said in an interview that more men
wore corsets than the general public
had any idea of.

"And they lace pretty tight, too," he
continued; "I know, for I help to lace
them up every day."
In England, where the practice seems
to be more general than in this coun-
try, there has been considerable dis-
cussion about it in the papers, and
Modern Society, a publication devoted
to "society" people and their whims,
has this pathetic communication con-
cerning "the corseting":

"I am so glad to notice you have
started a correspondence about corsets
for men. I want to know more about
them from some man who wears cor-
sets—not the opinion of the valet and
"washed" look-coated dude, but the
experience of an ordinary creature
who lives an ordinary life. I feel cer-
tain I want something to check that
awful sign of middle age, known as a
corporation. I cannot say I am in favor
of corseting little boys or little girls,
for that matter—their bodies when
they are growing need plenty of room
for development. I have long since
ceased growing, but I continue to de-
velop in a manner which is neither
pleasant nor comfortable.

"Does the man's corset require a sec-
ond person to lace it up? Have the
steels a tendency to snap and pinch
one's precious skin? Wearing one,
could I bicycle, golf and row as much
as ever? I am dreadfully energetic.
Are the 'male' things very expensive?
And need I have them of different col-
ors to match my clothes? Is a differ-
ent shape necessary for evening wear?
Bentley says that recently at a ten-
nis party among the gentlemen I wish
she had simply said 'men' the corset
was much in evidence. I should not
like that, but perhaps it is only dis-
tinguishable through flannels. Any-
how, I must do something, and shall
be very grateful if my inquiries can be
satisfactorily answered."—New York
Press.

HOW SOUSA GOT HIS START.
Milton Nobles and Jack Haverly relate
Some Ancient History.
One day John E. Warner and Milton
Nobles were conversing in front of the
Dramatists' Club, when they were
joined by Jack Haverly, says the Dramat-
ists' Mirror. Warner and Haverly
had met recently, but Nobles and the
bustling manager had not met in many
years. They eyed each other inquiringly.
Then Warner said: "Of course
you know Nobles, Jack?"

"Nobles," said Haverly, in a puzzled
sort of way, as he stared up the trim
figure, waxed mustache and perma-
nent youthful features of the comedian.
"No! The Nobles who played 'The
Phoenix' with me at the old Adelphi
in Chicago in '77?"
"Are you the original Jack Haverly?"
asked Nobles, solemnly.
"The original and only," said Jack.
"Well, well," said Nobles, "I've often
heard my father speak of you, and he
grasped Haverly's hand cordially.
There was an awkward pause, during
which Warner eyed his mustache.
Haverly looked dazed, and Nobles smiled
ambiguously.

"Your father?" stammered Haverly.
"Why, Nobles was a single man in
'77; I know, because we compared
notes; and I read of his marriage about
ten years later, when I was out in the
mines, and sent my congratulations.
Still," he continued, after another awk-
ward pause, "Nobles always was a
versatile fellow."

"By this time it began to dawn on the
comedian that the "father" was a
joke, and he joined in the laugh.
"By jingo," said Haverly, "that was
your twenty years ago. What have
you done with the old 'Phoenix'?"
"Playing it yet, occasionally. Four
reputable companies made a living
with it last season, and it has kept
any number of professional pirates
from becoming sneak thieves or pau-
pers during the past twenty years. It
pulled me out of a hole once, and now
that I think of it, Warner, you looked
that engagement with me at the Adel-
phi."

"Yes; it was the end of Nobles' first
road season. I was his manager, and
John P. Sousa, a youngster of 21, was
his tender."
"That's right. I took him from Wash-
ington, where he was playing violin
in the orchestra. And the first music
he ever wrote was the dramatic music
of 'The Phoenix,' as I use it today.
His first march he dedicated to me,
naming it the Bluebird march. I still
have the original score, in good con-
dition. It's a rattling good march, too."

The Largest of Animals.
Mr. Beddard, in his new book on
whales, reminds readers that, although
the imagination is apt to picture the
giant reptiles of the Jurassic and Cre-
taceous periods as having exceeded in
size all modern animals, yet in fact
there is no evidence that the earth has
ever contained, either on land or in the
sea, creatures exceeding the whale in
bulk. The mammoth was larger than
the elephant, but the Ichthyosaurus
could not match the whale for size al-
though with its terrible jaws it would
doubtless have been the whale's mis-
ter. Youth's Companion.

Sleeping with the Mouth Shut.
A physician declares that people who
sleep with their mouths shut live long-
est.

SEND NO MONEY. We ask no money until you have examined the machine and convinced yourself that it is a money-maker. We never before offered anything like this. Our offer is simple. We will send you a sewing machine, free of charge, and we will send you a full set of patterns and a full set of instructions. You will be able to make a dress in a day. We will send you a full set of patterns and a full set of instructions. You will be able to make a dress in a day. We will send you a full set of patterns and a full set of instructions. You will be able to make a dress in a day.

CHATS OF GEN. CHAFFEE.

His Aspirations Once Were to Be Re-
dressed as Colonel.

"I wonder if Chaffee ever stops to
think of the days when he would sit
in headquarters at Denver and figure
out the plan of the campaign. The speaker
was a young man from Colorado, who
claimed to have been one of Maj. Gen.
Chaffee's intimates during the middle
twenties."

"I remember him when he was cap-
tain of cavalry, and I recall very well
when he got his majority. He was
acting as assistant adjutant general on
Gen. McCook's staff at Los Angeles
and moved his headquarters to Den-
ver. He served there until Lieut. Col.
Thomas Ward came down from Yan-
conver Barracks to fill the place, and
shortly afterward Chaffee joined the
Third cavalry as major.

"He was glad to get back to the reg-
iment. 'And when I go back,' he said,
'I will have the best horse in the reg-
iment but one.' I shall buy a horse this
month, a regular major's horse. No
captain's horse for me," he said, as he
would laugh, and when Chaffee laugh-
ed his deep eyes went out of sight,
hidden by heavy eyebrows.

"Chaffee bought his 'major's' horse,
and a disastrous purchase it turned
out to be. It threw him in City Park
the first day he took a ride and turned
up that afternoon at a dairy four miles
south of the town. He bought it out
of a milk wagon. The dairy people at
Denver fed him spurs and drove good
horses. Chaffee gave \$300 for that
nag."

"He was glad to be mounted as a
major, and looked forward with un-
bounded pleasure at retiring as a lieuten-
ant colonel. He could see from the Army
Register just where he would
land, and I think I remember it right-
ly, three deaths would let him get his
candle before he came off. His high-
est possible aim was to retire as a col-
onel, but it was on the books that he
would retire as a lieutenant colonel. He
was entirely satisfied. He had no
more idea of getting on the firing line
again than I have of going to Peking to-
night."

"In four years he was a brigadier in
Cuba and leading a division. In five
years he was a major general, and he
is one yet. On top of that is the added
distinction of being sent to take com-
mand of the United States army
in China, where the row may be any-
thing from a consular affair to the big-
gest in history."—Kansas City Jour-
nal.

DENTAL FREAKS.
Made for People Who Had More Money
than Teeth.

Said the dentist: "You are aware
that many are very particular concern-
ing the plate in which artificial teeth
are set. Some want gold, others sil-
ver, vulcanite, and what not. But did
you ever hear of patients wearing their
own initials inside the mouth?"

"We recently prepared an upper set
for a gentleman well known in theat-
rical circles, and in the platinum-plate
was set in wires of gold the wearer's
initials. Another roof-plate, which we
were privileged to see, was a perfect
masterpiece of artistic work. There
were three heretofore-depicted in gold
wire, fine as a hair, a foreground of car-
stone and a crescent-moon of gleaming
silver—all set in the composition of
the roof. The teeth were of good qual-
ity, but not remarkable, and the price
was exactly \$500. A person uncon-
scious of the value of the inner roof
would have set the price at \$25.

"Very richly enamored was the dan-
cing girl which decorated the false roof
of a one-time millionaire. The pictur-
ed lady were slippers set with tiny
diamonds, and the owner, being a great
smoker, sported an ordinary set when
desirous of indulging in a fragrant
whiff, thereby never discoloring the
dainty enamel of the choice article. We
were once asked to fashion a plate
from the tusk of an elephant, but as
this would have been a difficult and un-
satisfactory proceeding, we were obliged
to reject the offer.

"The most absurd thing we were
ever requested to insert in a false roof
was a tiger's claw—a trophy of an In-
dian jungle hunt. We managed it, and
to prevent the claw from wounding the
tongue of our patient, we tipped it
thinly with gold. After a while the
tip fell off, and the wearer's tongue
was torn. To us he came in a rage,
and finally decided to wear the claw as
a chain pendant. Roasting a substan-
tial set of natural ivory, an eccentric
wished to have an artificial lot that
would cause his own. We prepared
them. They gave him a prominent
mouth, altering his features vastly.
We found he was a burglar of the 'first
class.'"

Russia's New Calendar.
It is said that Russia is about to adopt
a new calendar. This new calendar will
be of twenty-eight days each. The
main feature is its apparent stability, and
in this it resembles the soviet remedy,
Ivanov's stomachic, which is the only
cure for indigestion, nervousness, or
insomnia. Be sure you get the genuine.

The Warm Water Tuna.
"If I had it to do over again," re-
marked the tired looking woman in the
grocery store, "I think I'd marry a
cheef."
"Are you so great an epicure?"
"No, but it would be a comfort to do
the complaining myself about the mar-
keting and the management of the
kitchen."—Washington Post.

What Do the Children Drink?
Don't give them tea or coffee. Hav-
ing tried the new food drink called
GRAIN-O, it is delicious and nourish-
ing, and takes the place of coffee. The
more GRAIN-O you give the children the
more health you distribute through their
systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains,
and when properly prepared tastes like
the children's favorite of coffee, but costs
about 1/10 as much. All grocers sell it. Use
and see.

Judged by Her Deeds.
"That slender Miss Simpson looks
like a very delicate girl."
"Oh, I don't know; she must have a
good deal of strength to squeeze her
waist in like that."—Chicago Record.

SEND NO MONEY. We ask no money until you have examined the machine and convinced yourself that it is a money-maker. We never before offered anything like this. Our offer is simple. We will send you a sewing machine, free of charge, and we will send you a full set of patterns and a full set of instructions. You will be able to make a dress in a day. We will send you a full set of patterns and a full set of instructions. You will be able to make a dress in a day. We will send you a full set of patterns and a full set of instructions. You will be able to make a dress in a day.

Habits of Carrier-Pigeons.

The carrier pigeon when traveling
never feeds. If the distance be long,
it flies on without stopping to take
nourishment, and at last arrives thin,
exhausted and almost dying. If corn be
presented to it, it refuses to eat, con-
tending itself with drinking a little
water and then sleeping. Two or three
hours later it begins to eat with great
moderation and sleeps again immedi-
ately afterward. If its flight has been
very prolonged it will proceed in this
manner for forty-eight hours be-
fore recovering its normal mode of
feeding.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a
package of GRAIN-O, the new food
drink that takes the place of coffee. The
children may drink it without injury as
well as the adult. All who try it like it.
GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of
Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure
grains, and the most delicate stomach re-
ceives it without distress. The price of
coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold
by all grocers.

At the Literary Reception.
Old Hand—There go two authors—
Snooks, the author of "The Harp of the
Passions," and Saddle, who wrote
"The Carriage Painter's Manual."
Enthusiastic Young Lady—Which is
the one with the flashing eye and the
dark locks clustering about a marble
brow?
Old Hand—That's Saddle. Boston
Transcript.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS.
"No matter what ails you, headache to a
cure, you will never get better until your
bowels are put right. CASCARETS help
nature, cure you without a gripe or pain,
produce easy natural movements, cost
you just 10 cents a day and getting your
health back. CASCARETS Candy Cat-
hartic, the genuine, put up in metal
boxes, every tablet has C. C. O. stamped
on it. Beware of imitations.

Counted Automatically.
Every stranger who enters the White
House is counted by an automatic reg-
ister. The instrument is held in the
hand of one of the watchmen stationed
at the door, and for every visitor he
pushes the button. Congressmen, Sen-
ators, members of the Cabinet and
newspaper men are not counted.

Homeseekers' Excursions.
On the first and third Thursdays in each
month the Chicago, Milwaukee and St.
Paul Railway will sell round-trip excu-
sion tickets to many points in Iowa,
Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, the Dak-
otas and other Western and getting there
from States at about one fare for the
round trip. Further information as to
routes, rates, etc., may be obtained at
ticket office, 55 Adams street.

Fireside Companions.
Dorothy—Papa, we girls have a new
name for those men who call on us, but
never take us out anywhere.
Papa—What is it, daughter?
"We call them 'fireside companions.'"
—Life.

Lane's Family Medicine
Moves the bowels each day. In order
to be healthy this is necessary. Acts
gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures
all headache. Price 25c and 50c.

Gloves Made in France.
France makes nearly 26,000,000 pairs
of gloves yearly, and of these 18,000,
000 pairs are exported.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Is taken internally. Price 50 cents.

England no longer furnishes the
largest contingent of tourists in
Switzerland. The Germans and French
both surpass the English in numbers.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative-Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Coral is again in favor after its long
period of disuse. The pink coral is the
choicer for its purity, but the common
red is much worn.

We refund 10c for every package of
PUTNAM'S CATHARTIC that fails to
give satisfaction. Montrose Drug Co.,
Unionville, Mo. Sold by druggists.

Tarantulas are being raised in Aus-
tralia for their webs, which are being
used in making threads for war bal-
loons.

I am sure Prof. Orr's Concentration
saved my life three years ago. Mrs.
Thos. Robbins, Maple street, Norwich,
N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

The doubtful applicant at the golden
gate should not antagonize St. Peter by
requesting him to "give ear."

Cartier's Ink Is Scientifically
compounded of the best materials. If your
dealer does not keep it he can get it for you.

People don't mind how mean you
make your remarks—if you only make
them general.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children
teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation,
cures colic, cures wind colic. 3c a bottle.

Where hoarse voices, throat, throat, throat,
begin.

CHICAGO TO OMAHA
Double
Daily
Service
New line via Rock-
ford, Duquoin,
Waterloo, Fort
Dodge and Council
Bluffs. Buffet
library-smoking
car. Sleeping cars, free reclining chairs, etc.
dining cars. Send to the undersigned for a free
copy of Pictures and Notes En Route Illustrat-
ing this new line to and from the West. Tickets
of agents of I. C. & N. W. and connecting
lines. A. H. HANSON, G. F. A., Chicago.

FREE WINCHESTER
SHOTGUNS
Our 160 page
illustrated cata-
logue.
FREE
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
180 Winchester Ave., New Haven, Conn.

Roberts' Best Patent Flour. Daily guaranteed; none better at any price. 6 2/3c 25 lb. bag. 12 1/2c 50 lb. bag. 18 1/2c 75 lb. bag. 25c 100 lb. bag. 31 1/2c 125 lb. bag. 37 1/2c 150 lb. bag. 43 1/2c 175 lb. bag. 49 1/2c 200 lb. bag. 55 1/2c 225 lb. bag. 61 1/2c 250 lb. bag. 67 1/2c 275 lb. bag. 73 1/2c 300 lb. bag. 79 1/2c 325 lb. bag. 8

CROST THE WHEAT.

Come a-triplet! 'cross the wheat,
Lookin' sweet, an' mighty sweet!
My! but I wuz glad to meet
Mary o' the meadows!

Let the sheaf fall at my feet;
Heard my heart—ah! how it beat;
Jest a-sayin': "Ah! she sweet—
Mary o' the meadows!"

Wild winds tossed her tresses sweet—
Gleamin'—streamin' at her feet;
Nothin' could the winds repeat
But "Mary o' the meadows!"

Yet, jest like a shaft o' light
Quick she faded from my sight,
An' the whole world sighed: "Good-
night!"

To Mary o' the meadows!
—F. L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.

The Tragedy of Room 12.

By Prof. James Rameretz.

In the winter of 1893, while traveling on business connected with the paper I represented, I put up at the hotel in Chicago, which had been recommended to me by the journalistic fraternity for its comfortable beds, substantial meals, and best of all, its moderate prices.

I was assigned to Room 14, a neatly furnished apartment that had two doors, one of which opened into the hall, while the other (which I found on examination to be tightly locked, communicated with the adjoining chamber.

The connecting room bore the ominous and much dreaded number 13, and I was informed by the taciturn porter that it had been unoccupied for a long time in consequence.

On the second night of my arrival, when, after a hard but profitable day's work, I reached the hotel, I found a new guest had registered during my absence who seemed to possess so little of superstitious fear that he had taken the much dreaded Room 13.

The newcomer was a singular looking man, dressed in a funeral like suit of deepest black, and with a clean shaven face, the almost deathly pallor of which formed a marked contrast to his eyes, that were dark as stormy, summer midnight skies and as full of their thrilling electrical gleams.

When a little later I went up to my room, I met the porter on the way bringing up the new guest's luggage. It consisted of a small valise and a long, deep, coffin-shaped box, made of highly polished ebonylike wood.

As I watched this strange looking box carried into the room, bearing the fatal number so much feared by the superstitious, a strange sense of impending evil which I could not define took possession of me, and although I was not much given to curiosity, I could not help wondering what the coffinlike looking receptacle contained and why the stranger seemed so anxious, it should be handled with the utmost care.

But weary of my day's exertions I managed at last to dismiss both man and box from my mind, and after extinguishing the gas and retiring was soon in a sound sleep.

I slept scarcely an hour (I found by consulting my watch, when I was aroused by the sound of voices in the adjoining room.

One of them was a man's voice, harsh and angry, while the other seemed to be that of a woman, shrill and pleading.

My first thought on awakening was that I was still dreaming, knowing as I did that it was a strict rule of the house to let rooms to men only.

But, as I became more thoroughly awake and listened intently, I was convinced that it was unmistakably a woman's voice I heard.

"How had she obtained entrance to the new comer's room? How had she managed to smuggle her in there?" I asked myself, while again I wondered what the strange, coffinlike box contained. I had noticed among his luggage.

To further satisfy myself that I was really awake, I arose from my bed and steadily creeping to the door of the adjoining room applied my eye to the keyhole that the new comer had not taken the precaution to plug up on his side.

As I did so I started back in astonishment too great for any words to describe.

For, looking through it, I distinctly beheld a woman seated on the one chair near the foot of the bed, a woman who was so wonderfully fair to look upon that she seemed more like some artist's or poet's vision of the unearthly beautiful than a flesh and blood creature.

She wore a robe of deepest blue, matching in hue her eyes that swept in billowy sealike waves about her, while amid the foamlike lace at her bosom sparkled a cluster of star-shaped diamonds.

At her feet rested the strange coffin-shaped box with its lid now thrown back, and I had just time to notice this, and take in the details of her face, form and dress, when I heard the new comer, who stood close beside her, his hand roughly resting on her shoulder, exclaim in the same harsh, angry tones that had awakened me:

"It is useless, Marie, for you to beg for mercy. Your guilty life must pay the forfeit for your sin. Like your sweetheart you—"

"Oh, Jules! listen to me for the love of heaven," the woman interrupted, in the same shrill, pleading tones I had heard before.

"Oh, Jules!" she went on, "I am innocent, I swear it!"

"Enough," the man broke in fiercely, while his eyes gleamed upon her like those of some wild beast about to spring upon its prey.

"Wonder at it," he sneeringly continued, "after all I have seen and heard that you dare talk of innocence and beg for forgiveness."

Then, after a moment's silence, he savagely shouted:
"Forgive you? By heaven, no? Pshaw, pray, while you have yet time, for in one minute more your guilty soul will be hurled into eternity."
The next instant, while too paralyzed for the time with horror to speak, I continued kneeling there at the door looking and listening. I saw the new comer draw a long knife that he had concealed somewhere about his person, and then, while he uttered a demoniac cry of rage, catted the woman by the throat and plunge the gleaming blade up to the hilt in her breast.

As he did so a wild scream of terror broke from the woman's lips, that died away in muffled choking gasps as the tightly gripping hand and sharp weapon did their cruel, deadly work.

The sound of her dying cries broke the spell of horror that had held me helpless for the time.

And with a loud cry of "murder!" murder!" that might have waked the dead, I dashed madly out into the hall. In a moment, that seemed like an age to me, the landlord came dashing up the stairs.

His appearance was followed by a scene of wild confusion, as all the guests and servants came rushing in at all stages of undress from their rooms to inquire the cause of the commotion.

Among the former came the occupant of Room 13, who was still fully dressed in his funerallike suit of deepest black, and whose face it seemed to me even a still more deathly pallor.

As I caught sight of him, with chattering teeth I pointed in his direction and gasped:

"The murderer! Don't let him escape!" the woman he killed is in his room.

"The woman!" echoed mine host, with a look of indescribable amazement on his round, florid face.

By this time as many of us as could enter had all crowded into Room 13.

The woman, whose death cries I had heard through the keyhole, was no where to be seen.

But the coffin-shaped box, with its lid now closed, was standing still at the foot of the bed.

As I caught sight of it, with trembling limbs and voice, I exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, you will find his victim, the woman he has murdered is in that box."

"Yes, gentlemen, you will," answered the newcomer with an air of deepest resignation as of one prepared to meet his doom.

Even at that terrible moment I could not help but admire the man's coolness and courageous demeanor.

My host was the first to raise the lid of the box.

As he did so, and peered down into it, a loudest laugh broke from his lips.

Seeing that he had become suddenly insane at the awful blood-stained sight within, as well as the disguise the tragedy would bring upon his hotel, I gazed in consternation at him, while some of the guests and servants pressed about him to also get a glimpse of the contents of the box.

When the others had looked their too followed suit by loudly laughing.

Believing myself to be the victim of some horrible jest I at last managed to peep into the box myself.

It was impossible for words to picture my feelings as I did so; also my regret at having acted in such a hasty manner in rousing the hotel with my cries of "murder."

The woman I had seen through the keyhole was no delusion of the senses; she was lying there within the box reposing as quietly as one in the sleep of death.

But, alas, for me! and the merciless chaffing I was forced to undergo from my fellow salesmen.

She was a woman of wax.

The occupant of Room 13, his card informed us) was a clever hypnotist, magician and ventriloquist, and the seeming tragedy I had witnessed was a rehearsal of a short drama of ventriloquism, entitled "The Jealous Husband."

But it was a most gruesome experience for me, as much as if it had been a real tragedy, and, I suppose, will prove an equally gruesome tale for those who read before they become aware how badly I was sold.

From the Bottom of the Ocean.

The material brought up from the bottom is of great value as indicating the state of the water and sea floor. Over a large part of the ocean the bottom is covered with a light powdery mass called ooze.

It is made of the shells or tests of little animals that can hardly be seen without a microscope, that have died and settled to the bottom as snowflakes settle through the atmosphere to the earth. This is the sort of deposit that made our beds of limestone ages ago, and it is the best kind of resting place for a cable, for it sinks into the soft, fluffy mass and is protected from harm. Ooze shows still water, for a current would wash it away as a wind blows snowflakes, and if the floor sloped, steeply the ooze would slip down like sand on a roof, so when the red shows ooze it indicates calm, still water and a nearly level floor. A hard bottom of gravel, rock or clay shows a current that should be avoided if possible. Near shore the refuse from the land may heap up into piles of rotting matters that may be injurious, and some kinds of sea weeds are said to have done damage, perhaps by the iodine they contain. —Washington Star.

A Hazardous Undertaking.

Our readers will remember the Carnegie library at Pittsburg, Penn., which is not long completed, and will be interested to learn that it is proposed to move the structure bodily to another location, about 1,000 feet distant. The building stands at the entrance to Schenley park, and the improvements now being made around it will be injured, and its appearance, so that its removal is desirable. The weight to be moved is calculated at about 58,000 tons. The construction is of steel, cased with stone, and the question whether the thin stone casing will hold properly to the metal

skelton during the trip is a very important one, and the problem is further complicated by the fact that a ravine, 100 deep and 200 feet wide intervenes between the present site and the one proposed, and must be bridged or filled in some way before a building 150 feet wide and 400 feet long can be safely transported across it. —American Architect.

Latest Thing in Dentistry.

Paper teeth are the latest thing in dentistry. For years some substance has been sought for which could replace the composition commonly employed for making teeth, and a fortune awaited the man who was lucky enough to hit up the right material. Although paper has some disadvantages, they are small compared to its many qualifications, and paper teeth are likely to be used exclusively—at least until a more perfect material is found.

Up to this time china has been used almost entirely, but it presents so many disadvantages that dentists always have been on the lookout for some other substance which could replace it. Not only does china not resist the action of saliva and turn black, but china affects the nerves of the jaws.

People who wear false teeth often complain of suborbital neuralgia, and this is put down by many dentists as being caused by the heat or cold acting on the china or porcelain. Porcelain or mineral composition also is liable to chip or break, and for these reasons has never been satisfactory.

The paper teeth are made of paper mache, which is submitted to a tremendous pressure until it is as hard as required. Their peculiar composition renders them cheap, and the price of a set of teeth will go down considerably owing to the new invention.

The United States Cavalry Horse.

No army in the world, perhaps, has had the same opportunities to test the endurance of cavalry horses as has the small regular force of the United States. The long, level stretches of the plains and the activity of the marauding Indians mounted on his tireless broncho have been the conditions which gave to Uncle Sam's cavalrymen his matchless chances for long forced marches.

Colonel Theodore Ayraut Dodge, U. S. A., collected the official records of long distance cavalry rides, and has made them public so that they may be compared with the performances of the soldier-horsemen of other nations.

Colonel Dodge declares, specifically that he has rejected all "heavenly rides, of which there is no end," and has accepted only those proved by official reports. Colonel Dodge says that Captain S. F. Fountain, United States Cavalry, in the year 1891, with a detachment of his troop rode eighty-four miles in eight hours. This record is vouched for, and it is better than that of the Natal Mounted Rifles by about four hours, the distance being within one mile of that made in South Africa.

For actual speed this forced march stands perhaps at the head of the American army record, though other rides have been more remarkable.

Boers as Cooks.

About twelve years ago, when the first gold rush took place to the Witwatersrand gold fields, the place was only approached by road; there were no railways for some years afterward. Lumbering mail coaches brought the miners from Kimberley or Natal to Johannesburg.

On the road were stopping places where the teams were changed and the passengers refreshed. These houses were usually Boer farms, and the farmers made a good thing out of dispensing hospitality to wayfarers.

In the middle of a long table stood the dishes. Everyone helped himself by digging a two-pronged fork into the dish nearest him. There was no tablecloth; everything was dirty and unappetizing. But the farmers' wives are clever at making preserves, and they particularly excel in a preparation of tangerines preserved in sugar syrup. Slices of melon, pumpkin and quinces are also preserved this way. The clingsone or yellow peach, which grows on every farm, makes a splendid jam, and dries excellently. But the best preserves is made of stoned and sun-dried apricots, flattened and pickled with salt and sugar.

Boer housewives are very fond of the old Dutch dainties of New York described by Washington Irving and eaten to this day—"olly keeks," or doughnuts fried in fat.

Where Almonds Are Grown.

Almonds grow well in the middle and southern part of France, and while the shell is soft, green and tender the nut is soft largely as a table article. The meat is white and creamy. Hazelnuts are always high priced and are a luxury. The peanut is rarely eaten in France, though the taste for it is growing. It is imported in enormous quantities for its oil. A few years ago there was a good deal of talk about the merits of bread made of peanut flour, and it was thoroughly tested in the German army, where, for a little while, it was a part of the ration issued to a number of regiments. It was declared to be too highly concentrated and an irritating kind of food, and the soldiers didn't like it. The use of peanut flour was accordingly discontinued.

Robert's Praise of His Wife.

Lady Roberts, like her illustrious husband, is of an exceedingly frank and friendly disposition. During "Bob's" administration in India she was extremely popular, and the residents of glibulous Simla are said to have been grief-stricken when the time came for the general and his family to leave the "coral strand."

Lady Roberts is a great traveller, and it is not so long ago that society was startled to learn that she was on her way to join her husband at Bloemfontein. Indeed, Lord Roberts was once heard facetiously to remark that her ladyship was his commander in chief.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Answer.
He sat on my knee at evening
The boy who is "half-past three."
And the clear blue eyes from his sun-
browned face
Smiled happily up to me.
I held him close as the twilight fell,
And called him "my dear little son."
Then I said, "I have wondered for
many days
Where it is that my baby's gone."

"Ed, a baby once in a long white gown
Whom I rocked just as I do you—
His hair was soft as yellow silk,
And his eyes were like violets blue.
His little hands were like pink-tipped
flowers:

See, yours are so strong and brown.
He has slipped away, and is lost, I
fear!"
Do you know where my baby's
gone?"

Did my voice half break as the
thoughts would come
Of the sweet and sacred days
When motherhood's first joys were
mine?

Was a shade of regret on my face?
For close round my neck crept a
sturdy arm.
And the boy who is "half-past three,"
Said, "The baby, he went to Boyland—
And didn't you know?—he's me!"
—Idea Reed Smith, in Christian Register.

A Queer African Bud.
David Livingstone, the great African
explorer, tells us of a bird which he
saw, known as the prison bird, so
named because from the time the nest
is made until the little birds are old
enough to fly the mother bird is kept
a prisoner.

The nest is made by the old birds
pecking at the bark of a hollow tree
until a hole is made in it, and it is
there they build their nest; when that
is completed the bird settles herself
in it and her mate walks up the en-
trance, only leaving space enough for
air and food to pass through.

Should the father bird forget his
wife and little ones they would die,
but he is very faithful and keeps them
well supplied with food, and as soon
as the baby birds are able to fly he
destroys the barrier with his beak and
sets them all free.

What Flossie Knew.
Flossie was a big, good natured,
smooth haired St. Bernard—not a reg-
istered animal, nor known to fame,
worth her weight in gold, if you could
take her owner's word for it.

He would fill a big bucket with wa-
ter at the pump and say to her "Take
this to Ned" or "Take this to Tom."

It was quite a sight to those who
are acquainted only with the present
state of English towns to be told that
in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Wil-
liam Harrison, chaplain to William
Lord Cobham, in his "Description of
England" prefixed to "Holinshed's
Chronicles," stated that "the greatest
part of our building in the cities and
good towns of England, consisteth
onely of timber, for as yet few of the
houses of the commonalty (except
here and there in the West Country
towns) are made of stone, although
they may (in my opinion) in diverse
other places be builded so good cheape
of the one as of the other." Here, we
see, brick is not even hinted at; but
when the writer comes to speak of
country mansions, he mentions it as
recently introduced. "The ancient
mansions and houses of our gentle-
man," he says, "are yet and for the
most part of strong timber, in framing
whereof our carpenters have bene-
fited like science among all other na-
tions. Howbeit, such as be of lath
and plaster are commenable of either
brick or hard stone, or both." There
are old men, he afterward adds, "yet
dwelling in the village where I re-
maine which have noted three things
to be marvellously altered in England
within their sound remembrance; and
other three things too, too much in-
creased. One is the multitude of chim-
neys lately erected, whereas in their
young daies there were not above two
or three, if so many, in most plain-
lish towns of the realm (the religious
houses and manor places) at their
lords' abodes excepted, and perad-
venture some great personages, but
each one made his fire against a re-
doubled in the hall when he dined and
dressed his meat."

English Buildings in 1576.

It may appear strange to those who
are acquainted only with the present
state of English towns to be told that
in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Wil-
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doubled in the hall when he dined and
dressed his meat."

Polly's Frocks.

It was the middle of the night and
Polly's frocks all hung in the nursery
wardrobe. They were quiet for a
time, and then the light blue China
Silk one said: "Don't crowd so, Pink
Gingham. You are crushing my lace
ruffles. I am Polly's best frock, and
I ought to have more room." "Pooh,"
said the Pink Gingham, "maybe you
are her best, but she doesn't like you
as well as she likes me. When she
wears you she has to be so careful of
you that she can't have any fun. She
likes me best because if she gets me
soiled I can be washed."

"No, she likes me the best," said the
Red Merino, "because she always
wears me when she goes to Grand-
ma's, and we do have lovely times
there."

"Well," said a White Apron, "I
know she's awfully fond of me, be-
cause she wears me to kindergarten,
and she is so proud of my shoulder-
bows."

"I'll tell you how we'll know which
she likes best," said a dear little
White Lawn dress. "To-morrow is
Polly's birthday, and on that day her
mamma always lets her wear any
dress she chooses. Now, we'll see
which of us she'll select. I think she'll
take me."

The blue China Silk said nothing,
but shrugged its shoulders, in a way
that showed what it thought. Next
morning Polly opened her eyes bright
and early and mamma came in and
gave her five birthday kisses.

"It's my birthday, isn't it?" she said,
gleefully.

"Yes, dear," said mamma, "and
here's your first present. What do you
s'pose is in this box?"

"Oh, what, what?" cried Polly.
"Open it quick, Mamma, dear, I want
to see."

The frocks in the wardrobe wanted
to see, too, and they poked their
elbows out between the doors, trying
to elbow each other out of the way.

"Oh, oh!" screamed Polly in delight.

It was a beautiful new dress, all made
of plaid, with gilt buttons! Oh, Mam-
ma, let me put it right on and wear
it for my birthday!"

"Yes, indeed," said her mother,
kissing her, and then all the other
little frocks shrunk back into the
wardrobe and hung there, dejectedly
without saying a word. —Pittsburg
Dispatch.

Amusements for Little Folks.

There was once a mother with sev-
eral children, who, being a poor wo-
man, had all her household work to
do. She often toiled far beyond her
strength, yet she was never too busy
to get up some little scheme for
amusing the children, and, as the
years taught her experience, she de-
vised something at the outset of a
busy day. She took half an hour to
start the mimic housekeeping in the
playhouse, or she began the building
of a fort and got out the toy soldiers,
or she took a stick, if the morning
was in summer, and addressed it
thus:

"You look like a stick, but you are
really a little shepherd boy, with long
brown hair hanging down your back.
You are dressed in goatskins, and you
have a pipe in your hand on which
you can play the most beautiful tunes.
Over yonder are wild and savage
mountains, pointing to the woodpile
and the hillocks by the orchard, 'but
there are no recesses in them so wild
that you do not know them. There
are no caves which you cannot find,
and we shall probably need these
caves very much, when we are chased
by robbers or by hungry wolves.
Also you know where the kind and
good people live who will give us
goat milk to drink and cakes of
brown flour to eat. Perhaps you
know the peasant's hut, where the
fair princess is hidden, and may
help me to return her to her mother,
the queen, who weeps for her in a
gorgeous palace of pink glass."

With that the mother would hand
over the stout little stick she had cut
to the child, who, wide-eyed and snail-
ing, stood waiting to receive it, and
who ran with it toward the woodpile
to begin the ascent of the mountains,
whose towering peaks were visible to
the eyes of her imagination.

The child, entranced with the story
and at her own elaborations of it,
would not return until the hour for
dinner, and then she would come in
glowing and with an appetite, while
the mother, who had been without the
vexatious interruptions of an un-
easy little girl, was eager to greet her.
—Baltimore Herald.

Japanese Journalism.

According to the latest statistics,
there are 350 daily papers published
in Japan, and some 600 periodicals.
Twenty years ago Japan did not pos-
sess one newspaper, as we understand
a newspaper to be. The position of
managing editor or editorial writer is
highly appreciated in Japan, and
many high government officials have
been and are connected with journal-
ism. The first periodical publications
in Japan were chiefly devoted to en-
lightening the country on the sub-
ject of foreign reforms, and the fate
of most of these early editors seems
to have been suicide. —London Globe.

Thistles as Food for Cattle.

Several Sully County farmers who
sowed a large acreage of wheat last
spring, and who did not secure a crop
on account of the dry weather, are
cutting the growth of wild grass and
thistles with what wheat did show up
for fodder for their cattle. Several
tests which have been made show that
when thistles are cut before the thorns
harden, cattle will leave the best of
hay for thistles, and these fables now
being cut will yield a far larger ton-
nage to the acre than will prairie hay.
—St. Louis (S. D.) Argus-Leader.

New Style in Robbery.

Tramps robbed a Michigan Central
freight car in a novel way. Thirty-
five suits of clothing, a dozen pair of
shoes and other articles were missing
when a train reached Kensington. It
is thought that tramps broke into the
car and threw the goods out along the
road. When Chicago was near they
deserted the train and went back, pick-
ing up their plunder. —Chicago Tri-
bune.

Siberian Land Concession.

Up to the present time land in Si-
beria can be acquired only by farmers
and settlers. During the last two
years a large number of concessions
for the purchase of land have been
asked for by merchants, engineers and
manufacturers, and the Russian min-
istry is now considering the question
of making a change in the present sys-
tem.

Fought in Fancy Uniforms.

The present war in South Africa is
showing the nearest approach the Brit-
ish army has ever made to rational
dress in the field. It seems almost in-
credible in these days of easy and
serviceable khaki. For instance, that
the Life Guards fought at Waterloo
in scarlet coats, light blue overalls
with gold stripes down the sides and
heavy brazen helmets of the Roman
pattern, with a black bearskin crest
and a red, yellow and blue "huckle
feather." —London Daily Mail.

PUTTING UP SARDINES.

Nearly All of Those Consumed Here Are
Caught and Canned in America.

"Next to the French the American
people are the largest consumers of
sardines in the world," said a leading
wholesale dealer in such canned fish
in New York to the writer recently.

"Last year the consumption of sar-
dines in the United States amounted
to 2,000,000 cases, or 200,000,000 cans.
Of this quantity 1,400,000 cases were
the product of the State of Maine,
150,000 cases were put up in Cal-
ifornia, and the remaining 450,000
cases came from France. Thirty years
ago all the sardines eaten in this
country were imported from France.

"To-day nearly three-quarters of the
sardines sold here are put up in fifty-
one packing houses in Maine. These
concerns are controlled by a trust com-
pany which employs 6,000 workmen,
who can turn out 1,500,000 cases of
the fish annually.

"In Maine sardines are caught off
the western shores of the St. Croix
River and Passamaquoddy Bay. The
fishing season commences early in May
and lasts until late in the fall of the
year. The fish are taken in brush
weirs, resembling ordinary pound nets,
into which they are led by means of
large leashes and wings, which termi-
nate in a funnel-shaped entrance.

Their escape is prevented by the ex-
tension of these wings into the in-
closure, thereby forming a triangular
hook at each end of it, so that the
fish, as they circle inside the weir, are
directed past the entrance. When the
fish are plentiful in the nets quantities
of scales appear upon the surface of
the water. The nets are then lifted
and their contents are dumped by the
fishermen into their boats. The fish
make a little squeak when taken from
the water, and die almost instantly.

An ordinary catch of sardines gives
to each boat anywhere from 2,000 to
3,000 fish, the price of which is from
\$2 to \$2.50 per 1,000, according to the
quantity of fish that are being caught.

"Arriving at the packing house, the
fish are carefully cleaned. This opera-
tion over, they are sorted, according
to the size of the fish. After this the
fish are washed and placed with care
upon wire nets, called 'grills,' on which
they are sent to the drying room,
where they are dried by means of
large fans or ventilators run by power
ful machinery. When dry, and while
still upon the grills, the fish are cooked
by plunging them into tanks con-
taining boiling olive oil. After this
cooking the sardines, still upon the
grills, are left to cool, and when cold
the work of placing them in halves
and quarter cans filled with olive oil,
tomato and mustard sauce is begun.

This work done, the cans are sealed
with solder, and are ready to be put
in cases, holding 100 tins, for the mar-
ket.

"Like canned goods of every de-
scription, sardines are cheaper now
than they formerly were, and Ameri-
can sardines are sold for less than
the imported. American sardines are
now exported from this country to the
West Indies and South America."

Washington Evening Star.